

The IMPROVEMENT **ERA**

MAY 1952



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PROGRESS REPORT

During 1951, volume of gas sold increased about 10 per cent. Substantial progress was made in expanding the gas supply. As a result, we were able to furnish gas for residential space heating purposes to 6,000 new users. In February 1952, a gas sand was discovered below present production in the Hiawatha field. Further development drilling may prove this new reservoir to be of such importance as to warrant the construction of additional transmission facilities, thus enabling us to satisfy, at least in part, the demand for gas service. Not only are we continuing our search for gas, but we stand ready to purchase gas from any source within economic distance of our market should discovery be made by others.

As of January 1, 1952, we were serving 88,853 natural gas customers, compared to 82,207 on the same date in 1951—an increase of 6,646 customers. This increase was made up of the normal addition of customers for unrestricted uses and the extension of residential space heating service to an additional 6,000 homes during the year, some of which were already using gas for other purposes.

During the past three years we have been able to furnish gas for residential space heating service to 19,000 additional homes.

It is our earnest endeavor to pursue intelligently an aggressive policy of exploration and distribution to meet the ever-increasing needs of the communities we serve.



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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

ABOUT one-third of the thousands of dice found in the excavations at Herculaneum, Italy, destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius 79 A.D. were "loaded."

As a result of a new treatment for wool developed at the National Bureau of Standards, moths will die of starvation because the treated wool gives them indigestion.

PROFESSOR F. W. Went has reported some of the investigations on the response of plants to climate. With a tomato plant it has been found that the night temperature controls the rate of stem growth, which with young seedlings is greatest for about 79° F. to 86° F. As the plants get older, the best temperature is in the neighborhood of 55° F. to 64° F., depending on the variety. For fruit set the same rules hold, the optimum being near 68° F. In contrast the English daisy only grows and flowers when the days are cool and the nights are 46° F. to 55° F., with the best flowering at the lower night temperature. The African violet flowers and grows best at temperatures higher than tomatoes.

IT HAS been found that the long bones of the body, such as in the arms and legs, are on the average twice as strong as a piece of hickory the same size.

INFRARED photographs can distinguish between types of trees since coniferous trees appear dark while deciduous trees whose leaves fall off at the end of the season generally appear light. Water absorbs infrared light strongly so that aerial photographs show shorelines clearly. Underwater vegetation can be identified since seaweed beds near the surface show by virtue of their high reflection of infrared.

THE British astrophysicist Fred Hoyle has estimated that according to his theories there are more than a million stars in the Milky Way which "possess planets on which you might live without undue discomfort." The earth is a member of the galaxy of the Milky Way.

MAY 1952

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Bookcraft

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WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah

THE AGE of electronics has, within the lifetime of a single generation, projected much of "the world" into our living rooms. We rise in the morning and go to work to the staccato tunes of war in Korea, tornadoes in Arkansas, disaster in Texas, crime elsewhere, crisis in the United Nations, charges and countercharges from international and local capitals. The more sordid and grotesque elements in human experience vie with each other for our attention. Relief from sounds of crisis, from impending sense of disasters to come, seems available to most men only in appeals to buy this or that. Thus appears one phase of the environment and of the condition of man.

To absorb vicariously all this thoughtlessly or as a matter of course; to have these cries brought to our senses by the highest paid talent, in concentrated doses, aided and abetted by what the

"best" social psychology reveals concerning our gullibility (all too often, alas!), in addition to having to face our own problems, is part of the ordeal of this generation. We cannot be content, so to speak, with our own problems alone. Electronic marvels and acquisitive man have more or less forced us to be concerned with the ills and problems of mankind.

Instead of being a handicap, however, this circumstance may afford us, and the rest of mankind, our greatest opportunity. Out of this welter of stimulations and confusions, to make what is right *prevail* becomes the major task of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. Indeed, the louder the turmoil or the greater the hysteria, the larger our opportunity becomes.

Sometimes, bombarded by continuous din, it would seem that everything is wrong in the world and worsening, to boot. This may be a devilish trick—to capture and control our own wits by the device of discouragement in the face of impossible odds. Rather, we should extract from the day's "news" as transmitted to us, only such patches of strife, misery, and failure, as will keep us well-reminded that "life is real." Then we should fortify ourselves with the knowledge of *what's right* in the world and with ourselves and set out with courage to resolve the day's issues on that side of the ledger. The Christian message, long or short-run, is largely meaningless unless we accept the Master's dictum that we can "overcome evil with good."

What is right with the world?

Very little notoriety is given this quotation in ordinary channels of communication. Among the best advertised commodities in the modern political world are the three "c's" of crime, corruption, and communism. Little wonder if the political world goes to pot, unless *we bring forth positive remedies*. Where else is the emphasis to come from on such topics as the love of God and fellow man, why be honest, why beautify your surroundings, why speak to your neighbors—indeed, why not do more, speak kindly?

President David O. McKay has calculated that during the first twelve years, a child spends 416 hours in Sunday

School, 3,200 hours in day school, and 52,000 hours in the home—126 times as many hours in the home as in Church. (October Conference Report, 1951, p. 10.) Into the home pours the din of modern times; the atmosphere we must determine for good.

Let us speak up, at home, everywhere, for what is right with the world! We who read these columns should always remember with Browning that God's in his heaven. Even if *all* is not right with the world ("as reported from Tokyo, New Delhi, or Samarkand"), the hillsides, everywhere, are still dew-pearled, and dew-pearled regularly at that! God being in heaven and hillsides' dew-pearled, we should remember that men are *not* left alone to flounder in their own mistakes. The gospel is here. The power of God, said Paul, is unto salvation; not unto calamity and disaster. So, the power to act for good, for mutual improvement, is here! True, men require warnings constantly, from all sides. But, too, "... men are, that they might have joy." (II Nephi 2:25.)

What's right with the world? Much that we should never forget. Maybe one of the principal things that's right, peculiar though it may sound, is the *knowledge* of what's wrong, thrust upon us by news gatherers and commentators the world around! What is right with this? Perhaps the fact that some of us with surplus energy (and all of us, with our unused latent powers for good), have targets, ready-made for the work of making the world better! Not forgetting this, let's not leave it at that.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Let's rediscover the ancient values in man's nature and experience; and let's use the age of electronics, when every man lives in a combination "glass house," on "the housetops," and in "cities that cannot be hid," to increase what's right with the world.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick." (Matt. 5:15.) Let's all get some electronic candlesticks, if necessary, and procure some real spiritual fire to keep them burning bright in our small corners. Thus may the world be filled with light in these times.

TO GREET THE DAY

by Leone T. Homer

A new day is born—a fresh, clear, shining day, with twenty-four unused hours in which to work and play—in which to grow and climb—in which to laugh or cry.

It is my day to use as I will. God gave it to me clothed in sunshine, radiant with promise, abundant with opportunity—and I will greet you, dear new day, with smiles and eagerness and thanksgiving, for you are like other days that have brought me so much of life's great gifts.

You must be like the day when God placed Adam and Eve in the garden, and you are like the day when Christ was born in the lowly manger in Bethlehem. And you are like the day Columbus and his band set foot on this new land; and like the lovely morn when the boy, Joseph, went into the grove to pray for guidance.

And you are like the day my mother first held me in her arms and said, "My tiny girl, oh, you will bring me much joy."

Oh, day—my day, I will make of you a shining, beautiful jewel. I will adorn you with the sparkle of laughter. I will perfume you with the essence of kindness. I will enliven you with ambition, vision, and foresight. Yet I approach you with tenderness, gratitude, and humility and thank your Maker and mine for my wonderful heritage, for the strength of sturdy forefathers, for bounteous, yielding earth, for freedom and liberty and government and a flag that inspires and leads me.

Thank God for this new day.

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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Cover

Elder LeGrand Richards, Presiding Bishop of the Church from April 1938 to April 1952, is featured on this month's cover. This photograph, selected some weeks ago for use on the cover of a later issue, is the work of Boyart Studios. The appointment of Elder Richards to the Council of the Twelve prompted an earlier use of the picture.

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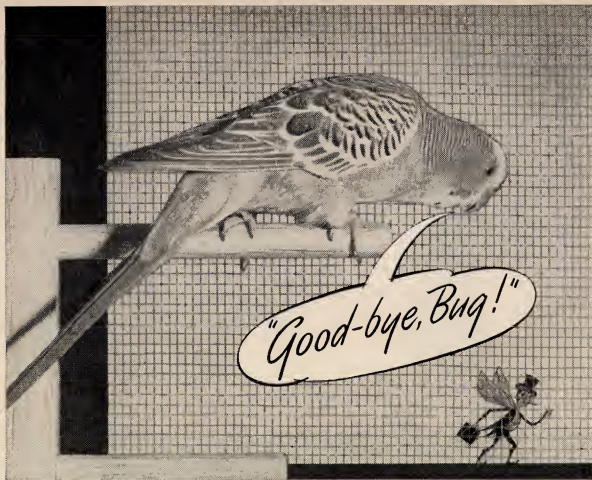
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A YOUNG MISSIONARY SPEAKS

by Leland M. Stratford, Jr.

DURING my short life I have attended my Church meetings regularly and have been active in youth programs. Attending Sunday School every week was a joy. But did I go to these Sunday morning meetings for spiritual learning or was it to associate with my "buddies"? Mutual was the most fun of all. I didn't progress in Scout work as I might have progressed, had I applied myself, but I was able to stay up later one night a week and attend the dances when they were held. Ward teaching was just another night to be out. Being a teacher then, I was not expected to do much preaching. Of course, our teachers' quorum received the Standard Award, and I an individual one; but were we actually getting our maximum spiritual education from these activities?

My childhood and adolescent life were about average. My parents are natives of Utah, and I of California. I was born and reared in the Church. Before going on a mission, I never once completely read my Book of Mormon or Bible. After arriving in the mission field, however, my testimony was strengthened many times. The Lord has blessed me with understanding, and through study and prayer my knowledge has increased. Having come to the realization of the importance and necessity of holding membership in the Church, I wish to direct my thoughts to the youth of our Church.


I believe that the young people who have been born under the "new and everlasting covenant" are not as "well off" as they may think. We have been given a great responsibility, and I wonder whether we will prove ourselves worthy?

Not long ago my companion received a letter from a girl who was attending a university in Utah. As a youngster she had lived in a town near Salt Lake City. Having graduated from a high school in a mid-western state, she returned to her native state to enjoy the influence of the Church while attending college. She was amazed at the number of

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

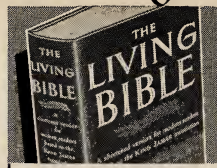
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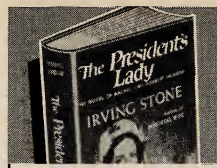
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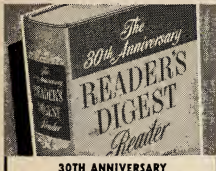
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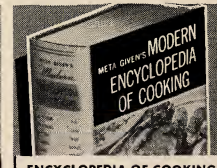
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

March 1952

5 CLARISSA A. BEESLEY received the first fifty-year service pin awarded by the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Her work began in 1896 in the Salt Lake City Sixteenth Ward. She held a host of M. I. A. positions in her half-century of service, including stake secretary and stake Mutual president, general board member, general secretary, second counselor in the Mutual general presidency, and executive secretary. Her pen has been well used as a writer of manuals and as associate editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*. Her extensive travels in behalf of the Mutual have carried her into all parts of the United States and to Canada, Mexico, and Europe.

7 THE bronze plaque for the monument on the Peter Whitmer Farm, Fayette Township, Seneca County, New York, the site of the organization of the Church, was shipped from Salt Lake City. M Men and Gleaners of the Provo Fifth Ward began this project.

8 ELDER Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Palo Alto (California) Stake Church welfare storehouse and cannery.

9 GOODING STAKE organized from portions of the Blaine (Idaho) Stake, with President Ross C. Lee, and his counselors Elders Gail P. Henderson and Ray Dixon sustained. The new stake is composed of the Jerome First, Jerome Second, Wendell, Gooding, Hagerman, and Fairfield wards. It has a membership of approximately 3,300. This is the 192nd stake now functioning in the Church.

Remaining in the Blaine Stake, under the leadership of President Waldo D. Benson and his counselors, Elders J. Murray Rawson and Ward B. Rawson, are the Carey, Richfield, Hailey, and Shoshone wards, and the Sun Valley, Lone Star, and Dietrich branches. It has a membership of approximately 2,200. Released from the presidency of the old Blaine Stake were President Ferrin L. Manwill and his counselors, Elders Robert E. Adams and Emerson Pugmire. The organization of the Gooding Stake and the reorganization of the Blaine Stake were under the direction of Elder Harold B. Lee, of the Council of the Twelve, and Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Shoshone Ward, Blaine Stake, created from Shoshone Branch, with Elder William Francis Stimpson sustained as bishop.

South Harward Ward, Liberty (Salt Lake City) Stake, created from portions of the Harward Ward, with Elder W. B. Mendenhall as bishop.

Downey First and Second wards, South Los Angeles (California) Stake, formed from Downey Ward. Elder Fred G. Beebe sustained as bishop of the First Ward, and Elder William E. Pierce, retiring bishop of the Downey Ward, sustained as bishop of the Second Ward.

President Bruce R. McConkie of the First Council of the Seventy dedicated the chapel of the Dingle Ward, Montpelier (Idaho) Stake.

Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin of the Presiding Bishopric dedicated the chapel of the Lund Ward, Nevada Stake.

11 A NEW YORK TIMES survey disclosed that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had increased its membership in the twenty-four year period from 1926 to 1950 by 105 percent. National average increase of church membership was 59.8 percent. Protestantism showed increases totaling 63.7 percent; Roman Catholicism, 53.9 percent; and Judaism, 22.5 percent.

15 THE First Presidency announced plans for the construction of a new tabernacle in Ogden, Utah, to be used by the Ogden-area stakes.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Victory Acres Branch, for the Spanish-speaking members of the Maricopa (Arizona) Stake.

16 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Overton Ward, Moapa (Nevada) Stake.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Mesa Sixth and Tenth wards, Maricopa (Arizona) Stake.

Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Mesa Fourth Ward, Maricopa (Arizona) Stake.

President S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of the Seventy dedicated the chapel of the New Elkins Branch, West Virginia North District, East Central States Mission.

Elder Dee Lloyd Andreasen sustained as president of Bannock (Idaho) Stake,

with Elders Ernest Morgan Skinner and Kenneth A. Christensen. President Andreasen was the second counselor in the retiring stake presidency, succeeding President Milton F. Hartvigson. The retiring first counselor is Elder Alvin K. Lechtenberg.

Bountiful Seventh Ward, South Davis (Utah) Stake created from portions of Bountiful Fourth Ward, with Elder Sterling E. Beesley sustained as bishop. Elder Calvin P. Christensen was sustained as bishop of the Fourth Ward, succeeding Bishop R. V. Ord.

Pleasant Green Ward, Oquirrh (Utah) Stake, made into Pleasant Green First and Second wards, with Elder Wallace S. Sadler sustained as bishop of the First Ward, and Elder Ernest Daybell, retiring bishop of the parent ward, sustained bishop of the Second Ward.

17 THIS day marked the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the founding of the Relief Society in the Church, and appropriate services by that organization were held in the wards and branches throughout this week.

23 PRESIDENT Stephen L. Richards dedicated the chapel of the Lorraine and Ridgedale wards, Grant (Salt Lake City) Stake.

President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Lindon Ward, Timpanogos (Utah) Stake.

Elder George Q. Morris, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, delivered a radio address entitled "America—A Choice Land" over the nationwide network of the National Broadcasting Company.

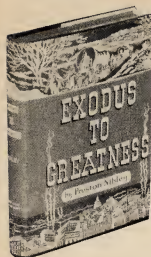
Bountiful Stake formed from portions of the South Davis (Utah) Stake, with Elder T. Amby Briggs as president, and Elders Horace P. Beesley and M. Ross Richards as counselors. Wards in the new stake are the Bountiful First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, and West Bountiful wards. President Briggs was released as president of the South Davis Stake. Elder Beesley was serving as second counselor in that stake presidency. Bountiful Stake, the 193rd such unit now functioning in the Church, was created under the supervision of Elders Albert E. Bowen and Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve.

Elder Ward C. Holbrook sustained as president of the South Davis (Utah) Stake, with Elders Arthur T. Morley and M. Newell Tingey as counselors. President Holbrook was formerly first

(Concluded on page 350)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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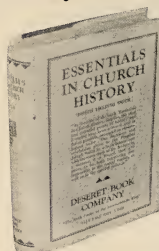
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A Young Missionary Speaks

(Concluded from page 302)

young Latter-day Saints who were, on the sly, smoking off the school grounds.

Too often we find youth partaking of the "forbidden fruit." There is a tendency to take part in those things that appear daring and exciting. Later, they appear foolish.

Since these are the last days, the climax of our earthly history, Satan and his helpers are hard at work to deceive God's children and lead them astray. Youth of the Church: go not after the worldly things. Do not participate in carnal and sensual desires which offer only temporary satisfaction.

Christ, referring to the parable of the lost sheep, said;

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance. (Luke 15:7.)

Because of our former faithfulness, we have been privileged to come to earth in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the period when the gospel in its purity and fulness has been restored. Think back to all the hundreds of years when we might have come to earth and not enjoyed the heritage we have now: a free nation, modern discoveries, true gospel, and continued revelations.

The worthy male youth of the Church hold the priesthood, the authority to act in God's name. We are the only people in the world who may enter into the house of the Lord and receive the new and everlasting covenant. By doing this, the woman shares in the blessings of the priesthood—husband and wife, throughout eternity.

While we are educationally preparing ourselves for a career, let us not neglect our spiritual advancement.

I am thankful for the opportunity I have of serving my Father in heaven as a missionary. I am grateful for the priesthood which I hold and for my citizenship in this great nation. I know that the gospel has been restored; that the President of the Church is a prophet of the Living God, Fellow youth of God's kingdom: Let us unite in prayer and faith, be obedient to the commandments, and prove to the world that "faithful and true we will ever stand."

THE CITY IS A JEWEL...



—Jack Sargent

I saw her from the rim at eve,
Her rubies sparkling in the night,
Displaying her emeralds and glittering diamonds,
Strung far and wide like a rainbow bright.
They shone from every neon sign,
Flashing patterns of some degree;
The city shone like a jewel against velvet
As gay and as pretty as a Christmas tree.

Her byways crossed and met the streets,
Each corner twinkling with its light
Gleaming like stars of the first magnitude,
The main street a showcase of color so bright.
Splashing and dashing, up and down,
How proudly she wears them, gaily displays them,
Bedecking each building with a monarch's crown.

by *Grace H. Peterson*



—Dean Green
WAR MEMORIAL

"THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL REGRETS TO INFORM YOU . . ."

By S. Dilworth Young

LAST night I dreamed that you were home again;
Forgot the eight long years you've been away.

I watched the evening firelight on your face,
Your hands entangled in old Brownie's hair—
Your dog, contented, now that you were there.

You felt the texture of the new rugs on the floor,
Laughed at your sister's picture on the wall,
Approved the new upholstery on the chair,
Warmed to the warmth of color in the hall—
Smiling and nodding enjoyment of them all.
Then you climbed the stairs.

I thought you liked the way we'd kept your room.
One readies rooms against a boy's return,
Imagines what he'd like to see and feel
When he comes home again—
The bed placed here, the table there, the walls

The color that he loved—and on the Table
In its leather box the schoolboy honors won.

Hours seemed to pass—I tiptoed to your bed
And heard your gentle breathing, even, faint,
(Surely this doesn't sound like one who's dead!)

Put out a hand to touch your brow
But hastily withdrew it, lest I break
The rhythm of your being home—but now,
Today, we wander aimlessly about the empty house.

Here are the roses bought in memory of you.
(There is your boyish picture on the wall.
The ivy from a vase along the frame just so.)

The purple heart is in its box of blue
Beneath some lines that Joan wrote long ago:

"So keep his heart fed with familiar things;
No sound of tears
Flaw the clear air where his tall shoulders lift.
His laugh may stir
The valleyed quiet some immortal day
And we be easy, feeling him home again."



HIS MOTHER

By Alice Morrey Bailey

SHE was like an island in the sea
From which the little boats cast off to ride
Against the storm. So frail at first was he,
His splintered craft returned on every tide.
Her love was like the warm and healing sand
Where he could lie and rest until at length
He gathered strength to bridge the rocky strand
And sail the seas leviathaned in strength.

When he had gone beyond the wave-locked shore
To travel distant lanes where dangers sleep,
Her faith in him was like a searching light
Thrust high above the canyoned ocean floor
To mark a golden path across the deep
And warn of reefs and rip tides in the night.

HERITAGE

By Alma Robison Higbee

MEAGER the months, it seemed, since she had come
A youthful bride to his own meadowland,
Two Maytime petal drifts with soft bee's hum,
Two winters here; but now on every hand
She saw spring's vernal promise, marked its sweep,
Knowing it lay upon a lonely grave;
And as she rocked her little son to sleep,
She sang a warrior's song of airmen, brave
And daring, who had flown the distant blue,
And while she prayed that fence and pasture bars
Would keep her small one safe, somehow she knew
That his heritage would lie among the stars.

LILACS

By Jane H. Merchant

THE souls of all lost springtimes live again
In lilac odor; all our hearts have known
Of pear trees tremulous in misted rain,
Of cherry petals drifting, lightly blown,
Like scented snow along a shadowed hill,
And every dogwood dreaming on a lawn
Where mockingbirds through many a soft night spill
White rapture, singing up the opal dawn.
Essence of all remembered loveliness,
Of happiness so poignant it is grief,
Touching our senses like a soul's career,
Reviving vanished wonder and belief,
Lilacs are all loved, evanescent things,
Pure distillations of enchanted springs.

TOO TRUE

By Celia Mauti Webb

WE put our best foot forward
Our new friends to impress
While folk we've known throughout their years
Must be content with less.

TO A NEW MOTHER

By Elaine V. Emans

LICKING her fawn, the forest doe
Swells with all pride that she can bear.
The rabbit follows suit, although
Her young are blind and without hair.
The wild bird almost bursts, so proud
Is she of creatures in her nest—
And so this bundle, from which loud,
Unpleasing noises come, with zest,
Has every right to make you think
In all the world there never drew
Breath such a perfect, petal-pink
Offspring as this one born to you!

FROM A NEW MOTHER

By Jeanette B. Jarvis

MY child was born last night.
And since that hour my self-sufficient
Pride and will have fled,
The pow'r which once I felt within my grasp
Is humbled, in the wonder of it all—
This miracle, that mortals should have grace
To bring to earth a spirit—near divine.
Emotions, which were flaunted then so bold,
Have learned to loose their tears in quiet pain.
Compassion fills my soul for other's grief;
My fellow man is dearer than before.

This precious being, helpless in my arms,
Has turned my unskilled hands to trust in God . . .
And now my heart can pray.

My child was born last night—
And I, today.

APRON STRINGS

By Mary Lucretia Barker

I OFTEN think of Mother's apron strings,
And how her busy hands would sometimes pause
To tie them neatly. Now an apron brings
Nostalgic thought from heart-deep inner cause.
When long ago I undertook to press
A dainty apron for her, the surprise
Resulted sadly in my own distress,
Though pride in my endeavor filled her eyes.
And apron strings remind me of the tarts
And pies she baked, my own crestfallen cake.
My rock-like cookies only made our hearts
More gay, for joy is in what love partakes.
I can remember many precious things
When I recall my mother's apron strings.

NIGHT WATCHER

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

THE moon is a maiden, softly aglow;
At earth's eastern sill, she stands tiptoe;
She lends her light to a distant star,
Takes a deep breath of cool mountain air,
Then timidly steps up into the skies,
Aware of a million admiring eyes.

She chats awhile with the Pleiades,
Listens to tales from an earthen breeze;
She lends her light to a distant star,
Smiles in a window where children are.
At last, at moon set, her circle spent,
The moon is a woman, fulfilled, content.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Editor's Page

By President
David O. McKay

Our Strength and Our Weaknesses

WHEN the Latter-day Saint stood at the water's edge, before being buried with Christ in baptism, he had within him an implicit faith that the Church of Jesus Christ was re-established upon the earth, and with this faith there was a true repentance, a repentance that carried with it a desire to leave off everything in his past life that was contrary to the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

His old life, the imperfections, the frailties, the evils, the sins, if there were any connected with it, he desired to leave behind, and to be buried in baptism, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the power and the glory of the Father, he might come forth in newness of life, a member of the Church of God, a citizen in the kingdom of Christ.

By baptism he was born again and became a fit recipient of the Holy Spirit. He was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost was bestowed upon him.

That is where we all stood at one time. Those were our feelings, our faith, our hope. We stood that day forgiven of past evils and follies. Now, the mission of life was before us, and we had thus bestowed upon us the light that emanates from the Father, to lead us that our feet might not stumble, that the truths of his holy gospel might sink into our hearts—the truths that would give us knowledge, that our souls might be saved in intelligence. The Holy Ghost was to bring all things to our remembrance, to show us things to come, to testify of the Father. And as we seek that light and live in accordance with the duties that are placed upon us by that obligation, we are seeking the true religious development and fostering true religious growth.

But what is the other element we must consider? Along with this new life, with this seeking for truth, there would be a strong power of resistance. Though being born anew, and being entitled to new life, new vigor, new blessings, yet old weaknesses still remained with us. The evil one was eager and ready to attack

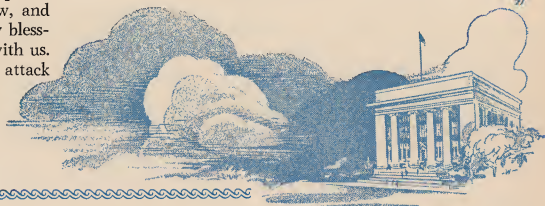
and strike us at our weakest point, and he has been striking at it ever since. Why? That he might thwart the very purpose for which we entered the Church of Jesus Christ. That is his mission.

Take as an example, the Savior. After he passed through that ordinance to fulfil all righteousness, after he had received the commendation of the Father and the testimony from on high that he was the Son of God, the "Beloved Son" in whom the Father was well pleased, Satan was there ready to thwart his mission. Jesus went forth in fasting and prayer, preparatory for the great mission resting upon him; and when in his weakest moment—as Satan thought—when his body was weak and exhausted by long fasting, the evil one presented himself in temptation; and what was the temptation? An appeal to his bodily weakness, "If thou be the Son of God—(note the taunt, the very testimony on the bank of the Jordan was, "This is my beloved Son")—" . . . If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." (Matt. 4:3.)

In a moment of weakness and hunger, that temptation would be strongest, other things being equal. But there was the moment of resistance on Jesus' part. Though the body was weak, the Spirit was strong, and Christ answered: "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." (*Ibid.*, 4:4.)

Then Satan tried him on another point. Failing in that, the tempter tried him still on the third. He tempted him first on the level of physical comfort; second, he tempted him on vanity, and third, he tempted him on love for worldly wealth, and the power to rule the world. But all these temptations Christ resisted; and the final resistance was: "Get thee

(Concluded on following page)



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from preceding page)

behind me, Satan, for it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (See *Ibid.*, 4:3-10.)

We may not have heard audibly on the water's edge the words: "... This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," (*Ibid.*, 3:17) but the Spirit bore testimony in our souls that God was well pleased with the act, and he was pleased to lead us as we sought his guidance, in fasting and prayer.

And we might not have heard in audible tones: "If you are a member of that Church, a member of that kingdom, entitled to the Holy Spirit, do this or that—command these stones to be made bread." Our temptation may not have come in that form. It may have come in the form of the appetites we had satisfied for years. It may have come in the form of some physical temptation—some longing. It may have been the love of the old pipe which we determined—if we were sincere—to put aside before going into the waters of baptism. (Who was it that said: "Though you pretend to throw that aside, take it only once more; this once will not hurt"?) And when that desire came after we were in the Church or kingdom, how many of us stood as Christ our leader and said: "Get thee behind me!"

This element of resistance in regard to our physical appetites applies to every member of the Church of Jesus Christ. In some way the evil one will attack us. In some way he will do his best to weaken us; in some way he will bring before us that which would tend to thwart the true development of the spirit within, the strengthening of the inner man, the strengthening and growth of the spirit, that time cannot kill, but which is enduring and lasting as the Eternal Father of that spirit. And the things that will tend to dwarf this spirit or to hinder its growth are things that the Latter-day Saints are called upon to resist—the temptation of vanity, the worldly allurements that come with wealth and worldly position, the physical appetites and the things that are proscribed by the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants (which has come to be called the Word of Wisdom)—strong drinks, tobacco, hot drinks (tea and coffee included) are a few of the temporal things that the Latter-day Saints should leave out of their lives.

Every young man and every young woman when they come forth from the waters of baptism ought

to know that it is part of their duty to resist smoking a cigaret. Every young person in the Church should be taught that he should resist the cocktail that is passed around at the social gathering. Every young member of this Church should know that tobacco in any form should not be used. He should resist all these habits, not only for the blessing that is promised but also because of the strength that will come to him to resist greater temptations—both at home and away.

A young person who may refuse his coffee or tea at the home, and who may find it easy to do so, might be tempted when he is out in company. When all the others partake, that is the moment when the real strength of our convictions will be tried and tested. It is not when it is in the family circle, when Father's and Mother's influence help to keep these things away.

In this respect it is earnestly to be hoped that every father and mother will set a good example so that children indulging in weaknesses may not say, "I am following you." Let our fathers and mothers restrain themselves in these things. Parents, resist that appetite. What though you do love it, the more you love it, the greater should be your resistance, and the greater will be your development. It is no credit for us to resist what we do not love. The man who grows most by resisting is the man who resists what he loves, who will say, "I will stop it; I will resist it."

It's easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth,
Is the one that resists desire.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Worth While"

God grant that as we are seeking the further establishment of the kingdom of God we may instruct our young people, and the members of the Church everywhere, to resist the temptations that weaken the body, that destroy the soul, that we may stand truly repentant as we were when we entered the waters of baptism and be renewed and "born again," that our souls might bask in the light of the Holy Spirit, and we may go on as true members of the Church of Jesus Christ until our mission on earth is completed, and God receives us and rewards us according to our merits.

What Are the Educational Attainments of the Latter-day Saints?

THE Church census of 1950 confirms the previously established fact that the Latter-day Saints stand as high or higher in educational attainments than any other similar group of the same size which we know anything about. This is not really surprising, for

By John A. Widtsoe
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

the gospel of Jesus Christ is eternal truth, and every person who sincerely joins the Church does so because he has found in it eternal truth, and is driven

onward to find more truth.

The Latter-day Saints, taught through divine

revelation that "the glory of God is intelligence," of necessity must seek knowledge. This has raised the Church, in the world, to an enviable educational standing. For this the Church is glad and humbly proud.

The accompanying table shows that every adult age-group including the oldest has a record in median* school years completed which is greater than that of the white population of the United States. This is really remarkable for the major part of the people in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints go back to the time when schools were not as plentiful as at present. The people of Utah, for example, are of pioneer stock who met the issues of the day courageously. Education has always been held in high esteem by the Latter-day Saints. In the toil of conquering the desert, schools were not forgotten.

The statistics of the United States for 1950 are not yet available, but the figures of 1947 show that the Latter-day Saints in all adult age groups are in advance of the nation (white) from an educational standpoint.

The median school years completed for members of the Church twenty years of age and over is 12.2 years and means that fully half the adults of the

*The median year of school completed may be defined as the year which divides the population group into equal parts—one-half having completed more schooling and one-half having completed less schooling than the median.

Church (twenty years of age or over) have more than a high school education. This is really a cause for rejoicing, because as time goes on the permanent future will rest in the hands of people whose minds have been trained and opened to truth.

The subjoined table is worthy of careful study for all interested in conditions among the members of the Church. Let us hope and pray that this favorable educational condition may continue to exist among the Latter-day Saints. (For a discussion of this vital subject, see *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* for July 1947.)

This table is a comparison of the median* years of school completed of persons twenty years old and over as shown by the 1950 Church census and the 1947 United States Bureau of the Census figures.

Age groups	Median years of school completed	
	L.D.S. (1950)	U.S.A. (1947)
20-24 years	12.5	12.2
25-29 years	12.5	12.1
30-34 years	12.4	11.8
35-44 years	12.0	10.4
45-54 years	10.4	8.7
55-64 years	8.9	8.2
65 and over years	8.5	7.8
TOTAL:		
Twenty years and over	12.2	10.8

A "Liberal" Label

RICHARD L. EVANS

SOMEONE once said: "We see things as *we* are, not as *they* are."¹ Certainly we see words as we are. And if we want to know what a word means to a man, we must know something about the man. Look at the word *liberal*, for example. Dictionary definitions give it many coats and colors. In one sense it means "generous." In another it means one who favors greater "freedom." But another definition associates "liberal" with "licentious." Apparently *liberal* means whatever we choose to think it means within wide limits. Look at *freedom*, for example. *Freedom* doesn't mean the same thing to all men. In some places people who think they have freedom can't do many things that we do every day. But it doesn't matter what we call a man who is in slavery, he is still a slave. And it doesn't matter what we call a man who enslaves other men, he is still a tyrant. To come again to the question: What is a "liberal"? A "liberal" may be an earnest champion of the rights of others, or he may be someone who doesn't care whose rights he walks over. But whatever he is, just the wearing of the label

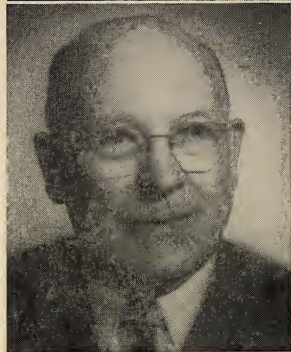
doesn't tell us what he is. We need to look behind the label. We need to know what he is "liberal" with. Is he "liberal" with what belongs to him? Or is he liberal with what belongs to others? Does he want more power or less power? Does he want more control or less control? Does he favor more freedom or less freedom? The straight answers to a few such questions will often tell us what brand of "liberality" a label covers. It isn't a question only of names. We need to know what purpose a person pursues, what philosophy he follows, what way of life he would let other men live. Sometimes it would seem that we give more weight to a word than we do the thing itself; for example: We are more likely to tolerate an "evil" if we call it by a glamorous or inviting name than if we call it by its right name. Words have a way of being stealthily stolen, and it isn't safe to place too much confidence in words unless we know the men who use them and what they mean when they use them. It isn't safe to let words take the place of realities—for a thing is what it is, no matter what we choose to call it. It isn't safe to worship words.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 24, 1952

¹Author Unknown



Elder and Sister Richards surrounded by five of their six living children and seventeen of their twenty grandchildren. Not included in this photograph are a daughter, Mrs. J. Glen (Nona) Dyer, and family, who reside in Washington, D. C.



Elder LeGrand Richards
of the Council of the Twelve

In Conference Assembled

by Marba C. Josephson

EDITOR'S NOTE

More than six months ago, following the running of four very popular cover pictures and articles of members of the First Presidency and the President of the Council of the Twelve, *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* editors decided to continue this series, featuring during 1952 several of the brethren from the presiding councils of the Church. Elder LeGrand Richards, from April 1938 to April 1952 Presiding Bishop of the Church, was to have been featured in a later issue this year, but his appointment to the Council of the Twelve Apostles prompted a change in plans. This brief article on Elder Richards and on the newly appointed Presiding Bishopric, was prepared while this issue of the magazine is waiting to go to press.

ELDER LeGrand Richards, Presiding Bishop of the Church since April 1938, has been accorded a signal honor in being made a member of the Council of the Twelve, which his illustrious father, George F. Richards, headed as President until his death, August 8, 1950. Elder LeGrand Richards, however, fills the vacancy caused by the death of Elder Joseph F. Merrill, February 3, 1952.

LeGrand Richards, both by inheritance and by preparation, has earned his advancement in the councils of the Church. A missionary in the Netherlands Mission from 1905

to 1908, he was called to serve as mission president of that mission in 1913 for a three-year term. He has served as bishop in Sugar House Ward and University Ward in Salt Lake City, and of Glendale Ward, and later as stake president of Hollywood Stake, both in California. He also served on the high council of Liberty Stake, Salt Lake City. He served as a short-term missionary in the Eastern States, and as president of the Southern States Mission from 1933 to 1937.

It was as mission president that he became concerned with the problems confronting missionaries in their approach to peoples of other faiths. As a result of his labors there and elsewhere in the Church, he prepared a guide for missionaries which proved exceptionally helpful. This guide he has studied further and perfected and published as a helpful, stimulating volume, *A Marvelous Work and a Wonder*. His forcefulness together with his ringing testimony has made him a favorite speaker wherever he

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Gathered around Presiding Bishop and Mrs. Joseph L. Wirthlin are these members of their family. One daughter, Mrs. Gwen W. McConkie, is living in Minnesota with her husband and three children; and a son, Elder Richard Wirthlin, is serving a mission in Switzerland.



Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson holding his grandson; Mrs. Isaacson, their daughter Joyce I. Tribe, and Royal L. Tribe, standing. A married son, Richard A. was away when this picture was taken.

has traveled—and he has traveled widely throughout the Church.

His vocation, which eminently qualified him for his position as Presiding Bishop, is that of real estate. He engaged in that profession both in Utah and in California.

Elder Richards married Ina J. Ashton, May 19, 1909, in the Salt Lake Temple. She bore him eight children, two of whom have passed on. Their living children include: George LaMont, Alden R., Mercedes R. Iversen, Norinne R. Callister, Marian R. Boyer, and Nona R. Dyer. In addition to their children, the Richards have twenty grandchildren of whom they are justifiably proud.

Elder Richards' spirit shines through the first words he uttered after his appointment to the Council of the Twelve. Part of these words follow:

The Church has always come first in my life. Wherever the call of the Church was, that has been the first thing I have considered. And I hope I will be acceptable in this new calling and that I can continue to serve the people.

The old saying, "once a bishop, always a bishop," will undoubtedly prove true in Elder Richards' case, for the people of the Church have indeed come to look upon him as a father in their Atonic Priesthood affairs.

BISHOP Joseph L. Wirthlin, for fourteen years a member of the Presiding Bishopric serving under Bishop LeGrand Richards, has been recog-

Bishop and Mrs. Carl W. Buehner are shown with two of their four children, and four of their eight grandchildren. Their other daughter, Mrs. Ruth B. McPhie lives in Topeka, Kansas. Corporal Carl Buehner is with the Air Corps in Texas.



nized, through his appointment as Presiding Bishop of the Church, for his long, faithful, able service to the people of the Church. Like Elder Richards, Bishop Wirthlin has served a long apprenticeship in Church service. Called to the Swiss-German Mission in October 1913, he completed his mission in the Central States Mission when World War I broke out in Europe.

For ten years Bishop Wirthlin served as bishop of the Thirty-third Ward and for two and a half years, as the president of the Bonneville Stake in Utah, beginning October 27, 1935, and serving in that capacity until he was appointed second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric; April

1938. Following the death of Bishop Marvin O. Ashton, October 7, 1946, Bishop Wirthlin was advanced as first counselor to Bishop Richards.

Bishop Wirthlin married Madeline Bitner, September 14, 1916, in the Salt Lake Temple. They are the parents of five sons and daughters: Joseph B., Judith W. Parker, Gwen W. McConkie, Richard B., serving a mission, and David B., who is now residing at home with his parents. Bishop Wirthlin is the founder of Wirthlin's Inc., and knows the problems confronting bishops in caring for indigent people and facing welfare officials in helping the needy both at home and abroad.

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PALETTE AND CLAY

by Joyce Knudsen

MISS PETRIE was going through the routine of correcting compositions when her tired eyes unexpectedly brightened. Once in twenty years of teaching you might come upon something like this: little Anna Robins discoursing on "My Ambition."

"... Critics may say there are already too many artists in the world, but I believe there can never be too much beauty. . . . Even on the walls of ancient caves crude drawings show that even the cave dwellers longed for beauty. . . . I want to be a painter and the world will always make room for one more artist. . . ."

Miss Petrie took off her glasses, grateful that the fifth grade room was empty and the only sounds those of the muffled footsteps of departing teachers.

Oh, yes, Anna had always been a good English pupil, but this composition was little short of inspired for a child eleven years old. She re-read the potent sentences, drinking in the ardor of the girl's ambition.

At that moment, less muffled steps in the hall outside resolved themselves into the spare person of the principal. Miss Petrie readjusted her glasses. "If you have a minute, Mr. Hayden, I'd like you to read this. I think it's remarkable."

The principal took the paper. He read sketchily at first, then with some interest. At the end he conceded, "Certainly very well written."

"I've always wanted to have a pupil filled with ambition like that," she murmured, unashamed of her dream, "just one girl or one boy who you know will climb the ladder of success. I think," she added, practically, "I'll ask the visiting art superintendent to arrange extra lessons for her—with your permission. Anna is going to be a great artist."

Mr. Hayden repressed a thin sigh. "I wouldn't," he suggested dryly, "place too much importance on Anna's present ambition. I have no wish to squash your admirable hopes, Miss Petrie, but an imposing number of years as a principal has made me something of a cynic. It's



been my painful duty to observe at close hand the idiosyncrasies of too many little girls and boys. I've come to the conclusion that none of them turns out in the least as you expect. Anna Robins may be a splendid student, but it's just possible that she may eventually become a waitress in—if you'll pardon the expression—some hash house."

The sight of Miss Petrie's frozen countenance prompted him to add, not unkindly, "Mind you, the composition is well-written. I wouldn't be surprised if the child has the makings of a writer."

Miss Petrie came to life. "Oh, Mr. Hayden, no! It's her strong ambition to paint that inspired her to write so well. Don't you see?"

"Very well," he gave in resignedly. "We shall see—in time."

* * * * *

Miss Petrie conscientiously completed another twenty years of teaching before she retired. After the dinner given by her scores of old pupils she eagerly sought out the tall, handsome woman dressed in chic black.

"I'd have known you anywhere, Anna. You've changed, but I knew exactly what you'd be like. I've kept a picture of you in my mind all these years. Now, tell me everything that's happened."

Anna Robins Beaulac outlined her career. "Well, I went to art school, you remember, and I had several years with a commercial art firm painting beautiful plates of ham, and drawing \$99.50 living room suites. Then, at the beginning of the war, there were two years of drafting in a war plant. When I married and my three children arrived, one by one, I did think I was a settled matron. But my husband died two years ago, and I had to go into business again."

Miss Petrie's lined face radiated her anticipation. "Then you didn't give up your work! I knew your name wasn't famous yet, but—"

"What, you haven't heard of Beaulac's berry doughnuts?"

"Beaulac's doughnuts?"

"Oh, yes, I'm proud of the business. I had to start in a small way, but it's making us a very comfortable living now." Her fine, dark eyes looked into the face of her teacher. "Are you so disappointed, Miss Petrie?"

The small figure sagged for a moment, and the soft voice fluttered gently, "I don't really know, Anna. I must admit I—I had such high hopes that you'd make a place for yourself in the world. I know it's nice to be happy and settled, but I always pictured you creating beautiful works of art . . . paintings. . . ."

Anna studied the little woman silently. At last she replied thoughtfully, "Miss Petrie, I want you to come home with me. Over our fire-

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Playing The Game FAIRLY

by Leon M. Strong

THE backwoodsman was a hunter, fighter, and farmer. He lived a rough life far away from cities and towns which made him independent, brave, and self-reliant. Oftentimes Indians crept up to the homes of these people to steal or to kill.

The backwoods cabin was usually a one-room building of rough logs, with mud and moss used to fill the spaces between the logs. Later, when the owner became fairly well settled and had his fields in good order, he usually constructed a larger building with perhaps as many as three rooms and an attic reached by a ladder. It was usual to have a stone fireplace at one end of the cabin. There was little furniture and few cooking utensils. The table was a board set on sawhorses, and usually a box or a three-legged stool served as a chair.

One of the greatest frontiersmen, Daniel Boone, moved to North Carolina with his folk when he was a mere boy. In the fall of 1773, Boone sold his farm and set out for the wilds of Kentucky. He could outdo most men on a long march with little to eat. As he journeyed on his first trip out west, he fell into conversation with his companion.

"Have a fill of tabaccer, Boone?"

"Thanks, but I don't use it."

"What! You don't smoke? It's hardly believable."

"No, I never learned, and I don't see that it would have done me any particular good if I had. It seems to take pretty hard hold on a man. I've seen hunters well nigh crazy when their tobacco run out, and I shouldn't like to be that way myself. Then it's apt to make trouble in other ways. A deer could scent your pipe half a mile away, and an Injun's nose is near as keen."

Toward evening as Boone and

his companion were walking silently along, they suddenly heard the several sharp shots of a rifle in the distance at the rear of the company. Sproul, Boone's companion, seemed riveted to the spot, but Boone was instantly on his way to the rear. To his extreme sorrow, he soon discovered that the Indians had killed those who drove the cattle for the little company, including Boone's son. Upon returning to the company, after giving sad but reverent burial to the dead, Sproul said something about trusting in Providence. Boone said; "Yes, we should trust in Providence, but it is also expected that we should do all we can first before we call on the Lord for help." One would hardly expect such rough frontiersmen to be concerned with a belief in God, but they were generally more sincere in their religious beliefs than are people who have much better opportunity to serve the Lord.

The company came to the end of their journey. Here in Kentucky, Boone wished to make a permanent settlement. He and his people soon had a clearing made, crops planted, and log cabins constructed. Tobacco was a common crop in those days. Boone usually raised tobacco because he could easily sell it and

thus help pay his debts, for he was strictly honest. But never did he start the tobacco habit himself.

Later most of Boone's company felt there was too much danger from Indians in Kentucky, so they returned to their old home in Carolina. But Hardy, whom Boone had adopted as his son when Hardy's father and Boone's son were killed while driving the cattle, remained with his adopted father. They were joined in a short time by other white settlers who decided Boone's settlement was good enough for them.

All was not smooth sailing for Daniel Boone. He and some of his men were caught by the Indians one day while they were away from camp making salt. The Indians intended to take them all the way to the Indian fort at Detroit, Michigan. Boone knew that would be very serious for him and his men. They might never get back to their beautiful Kentucky settlement again. He had to do some hard thinking because they were in a tight place. But he didn't complain at his new lot, and he didn't curse and swear as some men do when things go wrong.

Next day the Indians and their captives began the long march. There were red men leading the whites, red men beside them, and red men bringing up the rear. More than once Boone had given his Indian captors the slip, for he was as clever and cunning and swift on foot as they, but he would not desert. Their weapons having been taken from them, the white men were divided into three equal groups of nine each. There was much bedding and baggage to be

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—C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, *Daniel Boone—backwoodsman*, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1936, p. 25.

The WORLD of the JAREDITES

by Hugh Nibley, Ph.D.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, HISTORY AND RELIGION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PART IX

My dear Professor F.:

THE first rule of historical criticism in dealing with any ancient text is, never oversimplify. For all its simple and straightforward narrative style, this history is packed as few others are with a staggering wealth of detail that completely escapes the casual reader. The whole Book of Mormon is a condensation, and a masterly one; it will take years simply to unravel the thousands of cunning inferences and implications that are wound around its most matter-of-fact statements. Only laziness and vanity lead the student to the early conviction that he has the final answers on what the Book of Mormon contains. "It is the constitutional disposition of mankind," said Joseph Smith, "to set up stakes and set bounds to the works and ways of the Almighty. . . . Why be so certain that you comprehend the things of God, when all things with you are so uncertain?"¹ These words apply equally to the wildest revivalist and the ablest scientist. Tertullian taught that anything which is not specifically stated in the Bible to have occurred in the past must actually be assumed *not* to have happened at all.

Even the most opinionated Bible student today would not limit himself so strictly; but granted that we may go farther than Tertullian, how far may we go? Nothing in the restored gospel was more offensive to the Christian world than its insistence on going much too far to suit the Christian world, and daring to speak of doctrines and events not mentioned in the Bible at all; for example, Brigham Young states, in the face of long centuries of misinterpretation of Genesis 1:14: "How long the starry heavens have been in existence we cannot say; how long they will continue to be we cannot say. How long there will be air, water, earth; how long the elements will endure

in their present combinations it is not for us to say. Our religion teaches us that there never was a time when they (the physical elements) were not, and there never will be a time when they will cease to be; they are here and will be hereafter."²

Obviously the implications of such statements are highly offensive to many good Christians. Six months before his death the Prophet Joseph Smith declared: "I have tried for a number of years to get the minds of the Saints prepared to receive the things of God; but we frequently see some of them, after suffering all they have for the work of God, will fly to pieces like glass as soon as anything comes that is contrary to their traditions. . . ."³ Of what traditions is he speaking? Not infant damnation or baptism by sprinkling or Neoplatonic ideas about God, for such things the Saints had left behind. The traditionalism to which he refers is clear from another address given by the Prophet at about the same time, when he said, "I suppose I am not allowed to go into an investigation of anything that is not contained in the Bible. If I do, I think there are so many over-wise men here, that they would cry 'treason' and put me to death. So I will go to the old Bible and turn commentator today."⁴ Notice that good members of the Church are charged with two follies: 1, taking the Bible as the only possible source of knowledge, and 2, interpreting the Bible strictly in the light of their own limited experience.

Turning to the Book of Mormon, is it not possible there also to fall into the old sectarian vice of oversimplifying? Are there not many Latter-day Saints who will insist that every American of pre-Columbian descent must be a Lamanite because, forsooth, there were once Nephites

and Lamanites, and the Nephites were destroyed? Yet the Book of Mormon itself makes such an interpretation impossible. The Nephites were destroyed, we are told, but it is pertinent to the case of the Jaredites to ask, what does the Book of Mormon mean by *destroyed*? The word is to be taken, as are so many other key words in the book, in its primary and original sense: "to unbuild; to separate violently into its constituent parts; to break up the structure." To destroy is to wreck the structure, not to annihilate the parts. Thus in I Nephi 17:31 we read of Israel in Moses' day that, ". . . according to his word he did destroy them; and according to his word he did lead them . . ." bringing them together *after* they had been "destroyed," i.e., scattered, and needed a leader. "And as one generation hath been destroyed among the Jews," according to II Nephi 25:9, ". . . even so have they been destroyed from generation to generation according to their iniquities."

A complete slaughter of any one generation would of course be the end of their history altogether, but that is not what "destroyed" means. Of the Jews at Jerusalem Nephi says (I Nephi 17:43): "I know that the day must shortly come that they must be destroyed, save a few only. . . ." Later, ". . . after the Messiah hath risen from the dead . . . behold, Jerusalem shall be destroyed again. . . ." (II Nephi 25:14.) In these two cases what actually happened was that the Jews were all scattered ". . . save a few only" that remained in the land. The Israelites upon entering the Promised Land, we are told, drove out ". . . the children of the land, yea, unto the scattering them to destruction." Here it is plainly stated that the destruction of the Canaanites was their scattering—as is known to have been the

case. Likewise of the Nephites: "... and after thy seed shall be destroyed, and dwindle in unbelief, and also the seed of thy brethren, behold these things shall be hid up..." (1 Nephi 13:35), where both Nephites and Lamanites dwindle in unbelief *after* they have been destroyed.

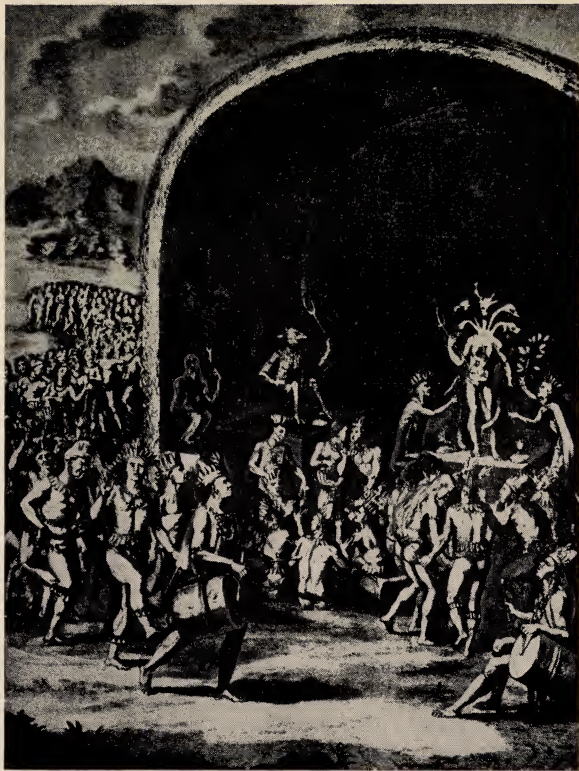
Only once in the Book of Mormon do we read of a case of annihilation, when we are specifically told that "... every living soul of the Ammonihabites was destroyed..." (Alma 16:9), where not only the social structure but each individual is undone. In other instances, the Lord promises that he will not utterly destroy the descendants of Lehi's youngest son, Joseph (2 Nephi 3:3), or of Lemuel (*Id.*, 4:9), and even Nephi is told that God "... will not suffer that the Gentiles will utterly destroy the mixture of thy seed, which are among thy brethren..." (1 Nephi 13:30), even though the promise and fulfillment were that the Nephites should be "destroyed."

So when we read that the Jaredites "... were destroyed by the hand of the Lord upon the face of this north country..." (the very first verse of Ether), we are to understand that the nation was smashed and dispersed, but not that the catastrophic final battle was necessarily the whole story. The first thing that occurs to King Mosiah on the discovery of the twenty-four gold plates was, "... perhaps, they will give us a knowledge of a remnant of the people who have been destroyed, from whence these records came..." (Mosiah 8:12), showing that whether anyone survived or not, for Mosiah at least it was perfectly possible for remnants of a people to exist *after* that people had been "destroyed." But did not Ether prophesy that "... every soul should be destroyed save it were Coriantumr?" (Ether 13:21.) Every soul of what? Specifically of "his kingdom..." and all his household. Ether himself, hiding in a cave, was not included in the number, and neither were other inhabitants of the continent—Nephites, Lamanites, and Mulekites that were actually living here at the time of the Jaredite destruction. Neither were renegade Jaredites, wandering far and wide beyond the confines of the kingdom. That there were such renegades will appear from a number of things.

A PERMANENT HERITAGE Nephites with Jaredite Names

In the first place, a number of undeniably Jaredite names turn up from time to time among the Nephites. Such striking coincidence calls for investigation, for it can hardly have been an accident. From the Book of Mormon we learn that the Jaredites and Nephites spoke entirely different languages, and even a cursory search will show that Jaredite proper names have a peculiar ring of their own. Their most characteristic feature is the ending in -m. This is called *mimation* and is actually found among the most ancient languages of the Near East, where it was followed

by the later *nunation*, or ending in -n, the most characteristic feature of classical Arabic and also of Nephite proper names, as we noted above.²⁵⁴ The correct use and sequence of mimation and nunation in the Book of Mormon speaks strongly for the authenticity of the record, for the principle is a relatively recent discovery in philology. It may be illustrated by the only Jaredite common nouns known to us, *curelom* and *cumom*, and the only adjective, *shelem*, applied to a mountain "... because of its exceeding height." (*Ibid.* 3:1.) It is interesting that the original meaning of the best known of Semitic roots, *Salam*, may be "a
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(Reproduced from Fewkes, 1907, pl. 10.) This old engraving of an Arawak dance to the Earth Goddess may be taken as representative of the ways of the Jaredites and Lamanites in the days of their decadence. The picture presents an astonishing number of Old-World elements: the griffin-headed devil with claws for feet, the many-headed, central figure strongly reminiscent of certain Egyptian-Hellenistic idols, the feathered and turbaned headresses, the pitchforks and especially the trident held by the leading figure, the ring-dancing—all are found combined in the cults and abominations of the Old World, in which the Earth Goddess usually is the most conspicuous figure.

THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(Continued from preceding page)

high place" (Arab. *sullam*, "ladder, stairway, elevation") with the idea of safety, and hence *peace*, as a secondary derivation.

But it is the proper names that concern us here. When out of the short list of Jaredite names preserved to us, a respectable percentage turn up as Nephite names as well, it is high time to ask, is this one case where the author of the Book of Mormon has slipped up or is there something significant about those Nephites who bear Jaredite names? The answer is a surprise: Every one of these men has a Mulekite background and is a leader of subversive movements against the Nephite state and religion! The significance of this will appear at once if we consider that the only case of definite overlapping between the Jaredite and Nephite peoples is provided by the episode of Coriantumr and the Mulekites.

Coriantumr, the last Jaredite chief, spent the last nine months of his life among the Mulekites. These people had left Jerusalem eleven years after Lehi did and therefore three years after Lehi's people had already settled in the New World. We are told that "Coriantumr was discovered by the people of Zarahemla . . ." (Omni 21), who must have been traveling quite awhile to meet him even halfway between their landing place in Central America and Cumorah; in all probability they traveled a good deal more than halfway, and perhaps all the way, since Coriantumr had been very badly wounded, and with not a soul to help him could not have got very far; the fact that he lingered only nine months after his rescue implies as much, though it does not necessarily prove it. But the evidence strongly suggests that the Mulekites "discovered" Coriantumr shortly after the last Jaredite battle, and hence that they had been on the continent for quite awhile, though some years fewer than the Nephites. The overlap between the Mulekite and Jaredite cultures was at least nine months long and may have extended over many years. At any rate we have proof that the Jaredites made a permanent cultural impression on the Nephites *through Mulek*, for centuries after the destruction of the Jaredite nation we find a

Nephite bearing the name of Coriantumr, and learn that this man was a descendant of Zarahemla, the illustrious leader of the Mulekites. This shows the Jaredite influence reaching the Nephites through Mulekite channels, which is exactly what one would expect. The name had been preserved either in the royal family (Coriantumr the Jaredite would have been the guest of the chief) or in the records—most likely the former, since people do not as a rule go to written histories for their names, while nothing is more persistent than personal names, most of those we use today being at least a thousand years old.

The first land settled by the Jaredites was Moron, a name still borne by one of the last Jaredite kings. Now the Nephite land "... in the borders, by the seashore on the edge of the wilderness was called by them Moroni, ..." and anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of the Near East will in-

POSTSCRIPT

By S. H. Dewhurst

FOR all that the mind has in sight,
It still has this to see;
The future is only as bright
As the heart will let it be.

stantly recognize Moroni as meaning "belonging to Moron," or "of Moron," the old -i ending being the most familiar and unchanging suffix from the oldest Egyptian and Babylonian to modern Arabic, and always having the same signification of relationship. Both the time—the very end of Jaredite history—and the place—the outer borderland—agree in bringing the two names Moron and Moroni together in a cultural overlap. A parallel case is that of Morianton, the name of an early Jaredite king and also of a land on the coast settled by a Nephite of the same name about 72 A.D. In this case the man might well have taken his name from the land he colonized, as ancient conquerors used to (e.g., Africanus, Germanicus, etc.), being named for the old Jaredite coastland which he resettled. The survival of Jaredite place names is further indicated by the hill Shim. The ten-year-old Mormon was told that he would be able to find that hill when he grew up,

though it lay in another part of the country, because it would be called Shim (Mormon 1:3), which shows that it actually went by its Jaredite name among the Nephites; for it is probable that Moroni is giving the hill its Jaredite name in Ether 9:3, since it is his practice to use Jaredite names in describing itineraries, and the very next name on the list after Shim is undoubtedly Jaredite. Another Jaredite place name, Nehor, given to the wilderness into which the first Jaredite rebel withdrew, as well as to a city built in that region, was borne by a notorious Nephite apostate.

Noah was a Jaredite king, and another Noah was a Nephite king, but the latter was not a pure-blooded Nephite, for his father Zeniff was the last leader of the Mulekite colony. Noah's priest Alma also betrays a mixture of culture if not of blood; his stamping ground was the old Mulekite country, and two of his grandsons bore the Jaredite names of Shiblon and Corianton. (Ether 31:7.) Though Corihor was the grandson of the first Jaredite king, the name was borne by a Jaredite of the last generation, when it may have been taken over by the Nephites as Korihor.

Considering how few Jaredite names we have, it seems clear, then, that we have here a definite overlapping of the two cultures. What clinches the matter is the fact that our Nephites with Jaredite names all have Mulekite background and connections. That the Mulekite-Jaredite background represented a definite cultural tradition among the Nephites and was consciously cultivated is, I believe, very clearly shown in the *behavior* of men with Jaredite names. Five out of the six whose names are definitely Jaredite betray strong anti-Nephite leanings, and the sixth one, Shiblon, was only saved from the ranks of such rebels because an angel converted his anti-Nephite father. Of the others, Morianton sought to lead a great body of people back into the wilderness; Coriantumr was a notorious apostate and subversive; Korihor rebelled against the church and state and tried to inaugurate a mass uprising; Nehor actually succeeded in setting up a rival system of religion and government in opposition to the Nephite rulers and was only stopped

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

What can I do to give my child

GOOD TEETH?



By

Carlyle S. Miller, D. D. S.

THIS article is an attempt to answer many of the questions that present themselves to parents regarding dental care for children, with consideration of both primary and permanent teeth. The symptoms which accompany the eruption of the primary teeth are fretfulness, loss of appetite, swollen gums, and increased flow of saliva, a tendency to put fingers in the mouth, often an increase in temperature, and general irritability.

The twenty baby teeth are important in the normal growth and development of the face as well as in providing a chewing mechanism from babyhood. The very important task of caring for these teeth during the first few years is the charge of the baby's mother. She can aid in keeping this tiny mouth in a clean and healthy condition by a constant inspection and cleansing procedure. As the child becomes older, the procedure will grow into a toothbrush habit, and the responsibility is shifted to the child under parental guidance.

When the child is between two and three years of age, he should make his first visit to the dentist. This initial visit will consist of a close inspection to determine the condition of the teeth and whether any structural defects such as pits or other abnormal conditions are present.

The premature loss of the baby teeth through decay, toothache, and tooth abscess should be avoided not only to protect the health of the youngster but also to maintain the framework of the jaws so that the permanent teeth which will eventually replace them may assume their proper places. The loss of one or more baby teeth may result in the child having badly crowded permanent teeth and a serious orthodontic or straightening problem. Many feeding and digestion problems of children can be traced to inadequate teeth for proper mastication. It is estimated that fifty percent of the children from two to three years of age have defects in their teeth. Therefore, it is wise for the child to visit the dentist early. This not only prevents toothache and saves

the teeth, but it also develops the confidence of the child in his dentist. Remember that small cavities can be filled more quickly and inexpensively than large cavities. In fact, it is possible to prevent most cavities from forming in the first place.

The first permanent teeth to appear are the two lower central incisors. The primary incisors come

When a child is between two and three years of age he should make his first visit to the dentist. A close inspection should determine the condition of the teeth and whether any structural defects are present.

out and are replaced by the permanent incisors from the fifth to the seventh year of life. At this same age the first permanent molars usually make their appearance. These four permanent molars are the key teeth of the arch, and erupt directly back of the last baby molars. The sixth tooth back from the front middle of the mouth is the permanent molar. Because of the deep grooves or fissures in these

first permanent molars they lend themselves more readily to decay. Therefore, under the living conditions of this present generation, most of these teeth decay shortly after they have erupted. Most people at present have even lost one or more of these four molars by the time they have reached adult life. This condition could easily be avoided.

Tooth decay is one of the most common diseases of mankind at the present time. Nature has provided that the part of the tooth not covered by bone or gum tissue is made up of an outer layer called enamel. This layer of enamel is the hardest tissue of the body and is intended to protect the tooth for chewing throughout the life of the individual. When we deviate from natural ways of living and thus violate laws of health, we undergo processes of degeneration. One of the first and most noticeable forms of degeneration is that of tooth decay, which first starts on the enamel surface, usually on the surfaces in contact with another tooth or in faulty grooves, or along a rough margin of a filling. At these locations, harmful films and bacterial colonies can form. Therefore the cavities in teeth are usually located between the teeth or along the grooves on the chewing surfaces.

Decayed and abscessed teeth affect the health and vitality of any child. The importance of having all cavities repaired at the earliest possible moment cannot be too greatly stressed. It must also be remembered that neither a child nor an adult can do his best work in the school classrooms or in life if he is sick or constantly bothered by pain as a result of decayed teeth.

There have been many explanations given for the cause of tooth decay. Today it is quite generally agreed that such decay is brought about by acids in contact with the teeth which dissolve or destroy tooth structure. These acids are present because of the breaking down of refined carbohydrates. When they are present in the saliva, the acid-forming bacteria not only grow

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LONELY SENTINEL

by O. E. Singer

ON A barren, wind-swept knoll about one mile north of the city of Winslow, Arizona, stands proud and steadfast a monument dedicated to a band of early pioneers who settled along the sandy wastes of the Little Colorado River in 1876.* Here, about forty Latter-day Saint emigrants lie buried beneath the ever-shifting, ever-restless desert sands.

But time and the elements have obliterated all trace of the lonely burial ground. No headstones mark the graves of these pioneers who struggled constantly against hardship, privation, exhaustion, and illness, in order to establish a new frontier of their faith where they would not be molested, only to meet in the end the grim reaper—Death.

Erected in 1934 of petrified wood, bullets from the guns of vandals mar the plaque on the face of the monument. The inscription reads in part:

... George Lake, William C. Allen, and others sent from Utah by Brigham Young. They also established Sunset, Allen's Camp, later Joseph City and Obed, all on the Little Colorado. Dams built of brush and rock were frequently washed out by floods causing the people to leave. About forty pioneers are buried here.

But the sacrifice was not made in vain. For out of Brigham City, Obed, and Sunset, Joseph City (first called Allen's Town) emerged triumphant.

Today, on the Little Colorado twenty miles east of Winslow, Arizona, a thriving dairy and agricultural town, Joseph City, stands in

itself a living, breathing monument testifying to the integrity and determination of a courageous band of volunteers who answered the call of their leader in 1876.

The movement to northern Arizona was the result of an influx of L.D.S. converts from Europe to Salt Lake City. It was in 1856 that the great handcart migration began, and the railroad from New York City to Iowa City, Iowa, was completed. Pushing and pulling carts piled high with all their worldly goods, approximately 1800 immigrants trudged from the railroad terminal at Iowa City, Iowa, to Salt Lake City, Utah, a distance of thirteen hundred miles across open prairie and barren slopes to cross the Continental Divide, over scorching desert and swollen streams.

The spectre of death was always present. Yet despite constant hardship, illness, privation, and exhaustion, undaunted, on they came. . . .

This situation called for an expansion of territory, and Brigham Young's appeal for volunteers was quickly and willingly answered.

Led by scouts who shortly before had made the trail, the long, dangerous trek from Utah took the immigrant company over the Buckskin Mountains, across Lee's Backbone, to ford by raft the Big Colorado at a place five miles above where now the magnificent Colorado Bridge spans the river.

Hundreds of pioneers followed over this same route—known since that time as Lee's Ferry.

Many of these volunteers were experienced pioneers, having crossed the plains from Illinois to follow their leader, Brigham Young, through heat and cold and hardship to establish comfortable homes in Salt Lake Valley. Now again, and without hesitation, their pioneering spirit answered anew the call to a new and unbroken land.

On reaching their destination on the Little Colorado, the colonists wasted no time. Wagon beds removed from the wagons were used as temporary shelter while the men hauled rock to construct a fort.

The fort consisted of rock houses built in a large square facing each other. In the center of the square was a large cellar or storehouse. A schoolhouse was erected at the north end of the fort. Here, all public functions took place—school, church, parties, and dances.

A dam was constructed, and a long irrigation ditch carried the water from the river to the thirsty rows of corn, wheat, and garden patches. At Mormon Lake a large milk and cheese house was built. Dairy cows from each settlement were sent here along with the herder, the cheese and butter processed and delivered to the settlements.

The women and children worked as hard at their tasks as did the men. There were spinning, knitting, and darning to be done, candles to be molded from beef and mutton tallow, lye soap to be made from the scraps of fat.

For the good of all, the scant resources of the colonists were pooled, the women taking their turn in the big central kitchen, men and women alike being set to tasks they were best fitted for.

Buffalo grass grew over the plains and hills waist deep. Deer and antelope were plentiful.

But the emigrants' struggle against the elements was a losing one.

The sandy Little Colorado—sand that melted at the touch of water—was hard to control. And although the men worked night and day, the dam was continually being washed out. And water must be had by way of dam and irrigation ditch if

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Monument of petrified wood dedicated to the Mormon pioneers of 1876.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

*A previous attempt to colonize Arizona had been made by the Church in 1873.

... a new pickup stopped on the South Branch road. It looked as if the driver were changing a rear tire.



One Among Many

By Leora Walters

LIKE wild things freed from a cage the twenty-three children, ranging in age from six to fifteen, scattered noisily in small groups across Poverty Slope which lay steeped in the sunshine of the May afternoon. This was the thirty-fifth spring that Claire Parmalee had watched a released brood take flight; and it was the same as the others. Disturbing the silvery song of meadowlarks came the more raucous hoots of youngsters freed until next September: "Schoolmar'm Parm! . . . Schoolmar'm Parm! . . . Biggest donkey on the farm!" Or: "Old Maid Claire . . . pulled my hair. . . Well, I declare!"

The slim, gray woman with the level brows and quiet manner entered the schoolhouse. She sat down at her scarred desk—she had been promised a new one for the past fifteen years—and started emptying the drawers. This was it, she told herself. Tomorrow she would be on the train, going back "home" to live with the sister whose

husband had passed away recently. She had told her pupils as much this morning and had overheard tricky Phil Barrett, her oldest pupil, whisper to freckled Claude Johnson across the aisle, "Maybe we'll have a blonde glamor gal next year!"

Miss Parmalee glanced out the open window through which hoots and laughter still echoed. She saw a new pickup stopped on the South Branch road; it looked as if the driver were changing a rear tire. Some stranger, no doubt. Men who tilled the unfertile soil of Poverty Slope never had new trucks or much of anything else except hard work and disappointment. One by one they starved out and sought greener fields; but other impractical hopefuls took over the unyielding land to wage a losing battle. Few children had attended the Stone schoolhouse more than three years. Why their teacher had remained so long, she didn't know. Several times she had offered her resignation.

Then World War II had come along. Well, it would have been different if Jim Whitford, the young civil engineer at Rockdale, had returned from World War I. . . .

Miss Parmalee took her Bible from the bottom drawer. It fell open at the usual place, and she looked at the fading snapshot of Jim. How tall and handsome he had looked in his uniform! Yet the stiff-brimmed campaign hat, the tight collar, and the wrapped leggings belong to another era. It all seemed like a dream now.

Closing the Bible, Miss Parmalee looked around the cheerless room that had been her prison for thirty-five years. Why had she remained? Why had she imposed so long a sentence upon herself? Certainly not for the meager salary. She looked at the deserted schoolyard, at the two steel swings and set of horizontal bars she had bought with her own money. The seconds ticked by. She picked up a pencil and

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Portrait of Grandma

by May Shipp Bruce

MAY LUCINDA BINGHAM—isn't that a fine, solid-sounding name? It made a fine name for blessing a new baby, and a sweet name for a little girl to be baptized into the Church with, and a good substantial name for a wonderful woman to carry to her marriage, when she added the name Shipp.

I'd like to tell you about my grandma. I was her "namesake," and since she passed on a few months ago, I have had a desire in my heart to let others know how fine she was.

Grandma Shipp was the daughter of an 1847 pioneer. Her mother was teetered on the Prophet Joseph

Smith's knee and saw the beginnings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Grandma grew up in this period of struggle and turmoil and out of it developed a beautiful soul.

Whenever I think of her, I can see a picture in my mind of a blue polka-dot dress with sleeves rolled just above the elbows, arms plunged deep in a mass of warm, nourishing-looking bread dough. She made eight or nine loaves at a time.

There were so many of us when we were small! There were thirteen people for dinner every night—Grandma, my parents, six children,

plus four boys who were attending the university and staying with us. Where we put everyone, I don't know now, but at the time it seemed there was always plenty of room.

Grandma lived with us all her life after Father married Mother. She lived a life of simplicity and a life of beauty. She believed in enjoying all the good things the Lord put on the earth for us. She was forever trying to impress upon us children some point or moral from the things surrounding us.

As far back as I can remember, there stood on Grandma's dressing table in her room a picture of a lovely little girl with long brown curls and a sweet innocent face. The square plush frame was soft to the touch, and when we were small, we went into her room just to run our fingers over the edge of it. The picture, Grandma said, was of Ethylin. Who Ethylin was, I never knew, but we all knew she was a very nice person whom Grandma loved very much.

Every Memorial Day, Grandma would arise with the sun, rouse all of us children, and go out in the yard and pick an enormous bouquet of flowers. Our roses were especially nice at that time of year. Then we would all hike through the verdant fields, climbing through barbed-wire fences to the cemetery where there was the tiny grave of Ethylin who had died many years ago. Grandma was very faithful with this little task and went on foot through the fields as long back as I can remember. My own children went with her for the last time two years ago. She taught us a good lesson in perseverance. It rends my heart to think of her tramping all that way, over a mile, with children all around, and a great armful of flowers. She never would let us drive her or even take the bus. It may not seem such a big thing to us of this generation, but I feel sure that every year when she put that humble bouquet on that tiny grave, the spirit of that little girl was touched, and she and Grandma were joined in a union of souls, if only for a moment.

Grandma was full of little bits of advice on every manner of thing. One of her favorite sayings was, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." She was constantly repeating this to us whenever we couldn't find something we needed



May Bingham Shipp as a young woman

in a hurry. We used to make fun of her for this, but nevertheless, whenever we needed a safety pin or a ribbon for a package, it was, "Go and see Grandma. She'll have one." And she always did.

She carried until the day she died, in her purse, a string of pins locked together, a pair of gloves, a clean handkerchief, and a little worn, leather coin purse with some small change. She never carried a lot of money because she didn't have a lot, but if we needed a small coin, she always had one.

Grandma taught a fine lesson in thrift. I have never seen anyone who could make a dollar last longer. She saved everything: bits of string, which she would wind carefully into an ever-growing ball, pieces of fur from worn-out clothes, buttons, ribbons from Christmas gifts—all these things found their way into her room. She had things tucked away everywhere, and the amazing thing about it all was that she could put her hand on whatever you needed in just a few moments' time.

When she died, she left me a lovely carved wooden box full of little bits of black lace, satin ribbon, and ostrich feathers, which she had saved since she was married. She gave them to me because she knew I loved these things and liked to make hats and various articles of wearing apparel out of them.

This byword of hers, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," carried far more weight than we ever realized. She meant the law and order of the gospel, as Jesus Christ explained it to us Latter-day Saints. We had thought it was just a whim of hers, but we found that it was one of the fundamental principles of the gospel. She lived by it; we are still trying to do so.

Grandma had a recipe for curing colds that had been handed down to her from her father who made medicines in the times before there were any drugstores. This particular recipe was called "Bingham's Linament," Bingham being Grandma's maiden name. Her father had concocted the medicine out of some wonderfully healing ingredients, and Grandma faithfully followed his example.

Our favorite story of the curative powers of "Bingham's Linament" was of the postman who came around to the door of Grandma's elder sister,

Aunt Ida, who is now ninety. He had such a hoarseness in his voice he could hardly whisper.

She said to him, "Now you just take a spoonful of this linament, and your cold will be greatly helped." Well, being a rather rugged man, he took the bottle, tipped it up and took a great big swallow. The tears started to run down his cheeks, and he nearly choked. It was quite awhile before he could get his breath, but when it finally came back, his voice was restored to normal. All the hoarseness was gone, and he never



Grandma Shipp as she appeared in later years.

came around to Aunt Ida's door again with a sore throat. We all said it scared the living daylight out of him, but both Aunt Ida and Grandma swore it was "Bingham's Linament."

Grandma had another recipe for cough sirup which was made of honey, lemon juice, and melted butter. This made a warm soothing remedy for a cough: just a little of that, and your throat was better. What it did, I don't know, but it really healed us children for years. I think it was a combination of the soothing voice she had, and her faith in the Lord. We all felt that Grandma could do anything, and when she said, "Now take this, and soon you will be all better," we took it, and soon we were better. There was no

doubt about it. Grandma was a powerful influence for good.

Grandma loved to bake things. She was forever stirring up a batch of what she called, "Lay-by-to-ketch-meddlers-with." We got quite a bit of fun out of it, and she did, too. "Lay-by-to-ketch-meddlers-with" tasted fine, and somehow, since she left us, nobody has been able to duplicate her recipe.

Really to love is to become selfless, and if anyone were that, Grandma was. Father liked prune cookies, and in order to make these, she first had to cook the prunes, and then stone each one carefully and cut it up. She was careful not to bake the cookies too hard because he couldn't chew them if they were too done. She was nice about it when we reached in and ate them just as fast as she could cook them, but there was a limit, and when it was reached, she said, "Now, the rest of this is for dinner."

No matter if dinner were tomorrow, we would have to suffer agonizing pains of anticipation until the next day when we could again taste the wonderful things she could cook.

Things don't taste just the same since she went. I do not know what she put into things. She never did use a recipe. She would put in a handful of this and a spoon or two of that, and if anything were left over, it turned up in something else. The things she cooked were marvelous. There was a very special talent she had for things of the oven. She made thousands of loaves of rich whole-wheat bread, dozens of cookies, and countless French fried potatoes, and a host of other things. I sometimes wonder how she ever had time for anything else.

Speaking of French fried potatoes, have you ever had anyone who would cook a whole frying pan full of shoestring potatoes just for you? Well, Grandma would. And you could come back for a second helping if you wanted, but generally you were stuffed so full you couldn't possibly. We lined up on those nights and ate dinner one at a time. It was extremely hard to wait and smell the tantalizing odors coming from the kitchen, but we had fine appetites when it finally was our turn.

She didn't spend all her time in the kitchen, though. Her husband had died when my Father was seven

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PORTRAIT OF GRANDMA

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years old, and she had to work to put him through school. In those times, it wasn't so easy to manage as it is now. Jobs were scarce, and money scarcer. She had one talent, though, and she capitalized on it. Grandma could crochet—and she began to make a few little baby caps for her friends. Everyone in those days had to have a crocheted cap with a colored silk lining for the new baby. If you didn't have a crocheted cap, you just weren't "in." She did make some beautiful ones. Soon she expanded little by little until she was supplying many to a department store in Salt Lake City. It seemed to be the thing to do.

Grandma was very enterprising. She made candy and held sales; later on, she taught Father to crochet. He made many a cap. Between the two of them, they put him through the university and he became one of the finest consulting engineers in the whole western states.

There was an iron will and a strong determination of purpose in Grandma, and when she decided to do a thing, it didn't matter if she was ready to drop, she would keep going until she had accomplished the task.

Yet, with all she did, she always had time for her Church work and filled many positions, one of the finest works being done in what was then called religion class. She had qualities of leadership and great powers of ambition and drive. She was never satisfied with a thing half done or poorly done. She said if a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well.

She had time for us children, too, gathered around her knees, and to tell us fantastic stories. Some she made up, and some were quite true. There was one we liked about the greedy Indian, which, by the way, was one of the true ones. This particular Indian came around to the settlement of the whites, and would take all the food in sight. Grandma didn't like him because it seemed that every time he came to her house, she had just made a big pan of hot biscuits. One day, he came into the yard on his pony, looking arrogantly around. Grandma happened to be out in the yard under a tree doing the washing, with a large wooden bucket and a hand wringer. She

turned around and saw him. She immediately thought of the pan of biscuits in the house, which was the only food they had and it had to last them several days. She prayed to the Lord for an inspiration as to what to do, and as quickly as she prayed the thought came into her head. She motioned the Indian down off his horse. He came over by her and was fascinated by the wringer which she was using. He leaned over closer to see it and to find out just what it was, when "Snap!" Grandma caught the end of his long braid in the wringer and turned it clear up to his head until he squealed like a banshee. He howled and howled and did an Indian dance all his own trying to get his hair disentangled. She wouldn't let him up until he had promised to go away and never bother them again. He did, and she did, and that Indian never bothered them again.

Later on, when the Indians became more friendly, she traded with them for pine nuts. They would bring in a huge sackful on their backs, and she would say, "Tow-witch-oo-waa-pine nuts!" I don't know what it meant, but it had a fine foreign sound to it, and we children loved to hear her say it.

Grandma played the mandolin and the steel guitar. One of my first con-

scious memories is of us seated on the floor around her, and feeling the vibration of the floor as she played hour by hour those fine old melodies. One of her favorites was "Souvenir," and we had her play it whenever she could take time out. When she was younger she and her brothers and sisters and my father and mother had a mandolin club and played for all the dances that were held at the time. There never was any better band than that little group of humble folk.

Grandma left quite a hole at our house when she went to her reward at the age of eighty-seven. We spent our first Christmas as a family alone. The Christmas tree was there, and all the presents were just as nice, but somehow, it just was not Christmas without Grandma with her popcorn strings, her cranberries made into little pie tarts, and her sweet presence.

Most of all, we just plain miss her. We miss talking to her with all the fine bits of wisdom and advice. We will be glad to see her again on the other side. The night she died, I had a vivid picture left in my mind of her spirit dancing in a field of flowers in her blue polka dot dress. I am sure she is very happy where she is, and I hope soon some day we all can join her there and go on living with Grandma.

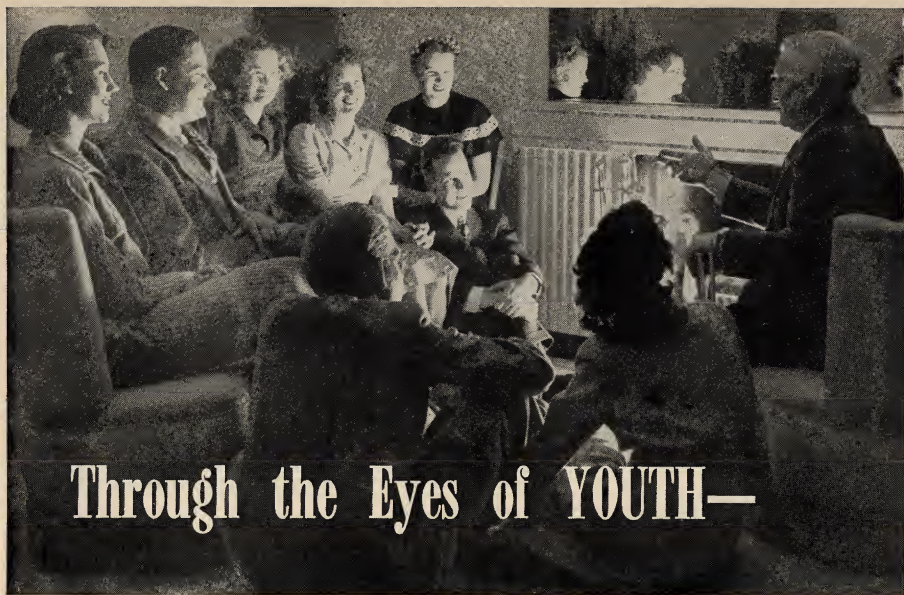
—Keystone View Co.



TWO THINGS

By Virginia Scott Miner

Two things Grandmother taught us—
Smiling as she'd say,
"Though time is made for spending,
Don't fritter it away;
and when you're feeling sorry,
Be sure it's not for *you*—
The strength spent on self-pity
Would run a world or two!"



Through the Eyes of YOUTH—

You like mingling with friends at firesides. . . .

YOU HAVE just sat through another Sunday School class. You don't know too much of what was discussed, but it doesn't matter a lot. You only know the second bell has just sounded, and you're ready to go anytime.

Precedent to dismissal you are being admonished, along with the rest of the class, to read the scriptures and study the gospel that you might gain a testimony for yourself. You shrug mentally and think, "Maybe—someday." At the moment the whole idea is, shall we say—dull? The good books and dry literature are for those serious-minded souls whose lives need nothing more colorful. You'll take a good lively novel for yours. Besides, what you glean here and there in Sunday School class and sacrament meeting is really quite enough gospel for you.

Oh, yes, you do enjoy coming to Sunday School and Church. You

like the feeling it gives you. You like mingling there with your friends and associates (and they're the best). You also enjoy going to Mutual and firesides. In fact you are glad you belong to a Church which affords so many opportunities for advancement. It's a wonderful Church, and you are proud to be a part of it.

So you are proud, and you go on gleaning a bit here and there in Sunday School class and sacrament meeting and are satisfied.

Of course, there have been times when your lethargic nature has been jolted into an at least temporary state of remorse. Like the time John stood in the presence of a number of non-Mormons making derogatory remarks about the Church and its teachings. Deep in your heart you knew these things were not true, and you were hurt and indignant at the unfairness of his misleading statements. You wanted to defend your Church, but

you were helpless in the face of your limited knowledge and understanding of the truth. Or like the time you were on the bus sharing your seat with the enthusiastic young stranger who had been stirred by what he had seen and heard on Temple Square. He was asking many intelligent questions concerning the Church and its doctrine, but your mumbled answers were somewhat less intelligent. So the questions ceased, and you sat in self-reproaching silence.

Yes, in a few such instances you have been made to feel chagrin and discomfort, but as time heals all wounds, so does it dispel all discomfort, and after each such episode you have quickly forgotten your remorse and immediately slipped back into your comfortable state of lethargy.

* * * *

And now time has drawn its curtain on you, and as it rises just two and a half years later, it finds you again walking away from a Sunday School class. Outwardly you are much the same, but inside there is a new glow. Your being is warm with joy and gratitude over those gospel truths just presented, and as you glory in them you find yourself

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DULL STUFF?

by Golda Faucette



Five acres irrigated with about 3 second feet of water in seven hours—the whole stream turned into one border at a time until the water was 3 or 4 inches deep all over. NO SOIL MOVEMENT! NO WATER RUNOFF! NO WATER LOSS FROM GOING TOO DEEP!

IMPROVEMENTS IN IRRIGATION SYSTEMS

by *Justin M. Smith*

DOWNHILL irrigation has served its purpose in Utah, which was to provide crops for the first few critical years until settlements became established. Now we must change to flat irrigation to prevent further soil erosion and damage from over-irrigation, and to make our available water serve more land to produce more food for our growing population.

Much of the cultivated land in Utah is too steep for ordinary irrigation. Nevertheless, our grandfathers invented a way to irrigate steep land. By skilful arrangement of ditches, and by the use of furrows and corrugations, they ran small streams of water on their fields for long periods of time. In this way they could get their land wet and produce crops with very little other preparation of the land. Being pioneers in a new country, they had to produce crops the first year, and they didn't have machinery to make their lands flat,

as we have now. As an expedient, downhill irrigation has worked very well, not only for a year or two, but for a hundred years also—more in some communities and less in others.

Because some dirt moves along with water whenever it runs down hill, a lot of the topsoil of Utah farms has moved off the farms down into the fence rows, roadways, stream beds, and storage reservoirs; in many places leaving large rocks on the fields.

The early Latter-day Saint irrigators, my grandfather among them, were prodigal in their use of water. The first result of their excessive watering was good. Crops grew. But now the leaching out of plant foods, waterlogging low ground, and the rise of alkali to the soil surface—all the results of over-irrigation—have kept crop yields on our farms low, probably as much as soil losses from erosion has.

This is the double problem of ir-

rigators on steep land: Soil is lost by being washed away. And excess water damages the remaining soil by leaching and drowning and bringing harmful alkali to the surface.¹

The solution to the problem, amply supported by the experience of countries that have been irrigated for thousands of years, is to prepare the land to be irrigated so that it is level.^{2,3} The nearer the slope is to being flat or dead level, the better. Orson W. Israelsen found the maximum non-erosive slope to be about one-half of one percent in furrows.

On our steep farms in Utah this means that, to avoid the expense of leveling a whole field to be level like a table top, we must level our land in benches.

With modern machinery, a farmer can level his fields in flat benches at less cost⁴ than he can level them to a uniform sloping grade (which is commonly called "leveling" in Utah). Instead of leaving the sloping fields still exposed to irrigated erosion, flat leveling effectively stops moving of soil by water.

If irrigated land is not leveled and

¹Widtsøe, John A., "Excessive Irrigation and Its Dangers," *British Columbia Agricultural Journal*, Volume 6, p. 266.

²Balls, Lawrence W., *Egypt of the Egyptians*, Scribner's, New York, 1916.

³Conti, Marcelo, "El Agua en la Agricultura," *Universidad de Buenos Aires*, 1938, p. 374.

is too steep to level in benches, a conservation-minded farmer will plant grass upon it for a permanent pasture and to hold the soil, and never plow it up again.

As the slope of the country becomes less, the step down from one bench to the next becomes less, until in the nearly flat bottoms of large valleys there is no difference; there are only the low dikes separating the various pans or borders.

This brings up another problem. Why put dikes on land that is already flat? To people used to flat irrigation, the use of dikes is obvious. The rest of us have to figure it out.

When flat land is irrigated, it must be covered quickly, so that very little water goes into the ground near the supply ditch before the whole pan is covered and the water starts to go down into the soil all over the border.⁴ The stream is shut off promptly at the ditch to avoid over-irrigation. If each land surrounded by dikes is small, it is easily covered with water quickly. The larger the stream of water available, the larger the basins can be. They should be covered with water within about one-half hour; for example, a stream of three cubic feet of water a second can cover a half acre three inches deep in one-half hour. (The name given to such pieces of land within dikes is different in different parts of the West where flat irrigation is used successfully. They are called contour checks, borders, pans, basins, bench terraces, lands, or the Spanish word *tablas*.)

Contrast this to the small streams and long irrigation turns required for slope irrigation. While the water used by crops on slope-irrigated farms is from twenty-five percent to forty percent of the water brought to the farms in the ditch,⁵ around eighty percent of the water delivered to flat, irrigated farms can be used by the crops growing upon them. Dr. John A. Widtsoe has stated that twice the area now irrigated in the western states could be irrigated with the same water we have now "by a wise and more consistent use of water."⁶

The farms we have now are dif-

ferent from those our grandfathers had in this intermountain country. Our methods of handling them must be different, if we are to have a permanent agriculture here. We have less topsoil and more people to live upon it. And with our modern machinery we have no reason not to prepare our land properly for the best care and to get the most from it. After all, our grandfathers were adaptable and farmed differently from the way their grandfathers did

who lived in the East. And so are we adaptable.

Downhill irrigation has served its purpose in Utah, which was to provide crops for the first few critical years until settlements became established. Now we must change to flat irrigation to prevent further soil erosion and damage from over-irrigation, and to make our available irrigation water serve more land to produce more food for our growing population.

From a ditch along the ridge, water is flooded downhill over the pasture in every direction—a pioneer expedient.



Furrow irrigation takes work—(knowledge, skill, and willingness).



⁴Israelson, Orson W., *Irrigation Principles and Practices*, John Wiley & Sons, Inc., New York, 1932.

⁵Walker, Rudger H., "Conservation of Natural and Human Resources," *The Instructor*, Volume 86, August 1950, p. 232.

⁶Widtsoe, John A., *Success on Irrigation Projects*, John Wiley & Sons, New York, 1928.

SABINE'S VICTORY

by Elsa Pedersen

SABINE stared moodily out the window of her father's cabinet shop. It was the first of April, and although great mounds of dirty snow still lay between the buildings where it had slid off steep roofs, in the sunshine it was spring.

The beauty of the Alaska day was lost to Sabine. She did not hear the snatches of jokes and laughter that wafted through the open door, from passersby lounging along the boardwalk. The tar-like smell of airing nets did not delight her, as in other years.

Her attention was focused on a couple who had dragged a skiff down the beach and were now embarking with squeals and laughter. She did not notice that behind her the machinery was stilled, and her father had come to her side. The elderly man followed her gaze, and squinted as he peered in the direction of the harbor.

"Say, there's Ace Blackburn," he declared with happy recognition. "Who's that pretty girl with him?"

Sabine's jaws worked stiffly, and she swallowed to ease the tenseness of her throat muscles before replying.

"That's Lola Williams. She is a Seward girl, over here visiting her sister."

Her father nodded absently. Still watching the couple on the beach, he remarked, "Haven't seen Ace around here for a long time. Seems like he was always under foot last winter. What's the matter, Sabine? Did you have a fight with him?"

For a long moment Sabine stared at her father, and her gray eyes were wide with amazement. How could he live in the same house, share his meals with her, and work beside her all day long, without even guessing at the pain that tormented her heart?

"No, we didn't quarrel. He just likes Lola better." Her voice was thick with unshed tears.

In his absent-minded, fumbling way, her father caught an inkling of her pain. He turned abruptly and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder.

"Come on, Girl. Help me saw this lumber, will you?"

Sabine moved away from the window. The whine of the power saw, and the need for attention in holding the boards level while her father guided them past the whirling blade, momentarily made her forget her sorrows.

Late in the afternoon, her work in the shop finished, she went upstairs to start supper. Alone in the quiet of the apartment, her thoughts inevitably drifted to Ace Blackburn.

She never did understand why Ace had chosen her for his partner the past winter. He was so boisterous, high-spirited, and unrestrained in his joy of life. His mobile face, burned dark by the reflected sun glaring on the sea, creased in wild laughter or scowled in quick anger, all in the space of a few heartbeats. He was the leader of the younger fishermen and imitated by all.

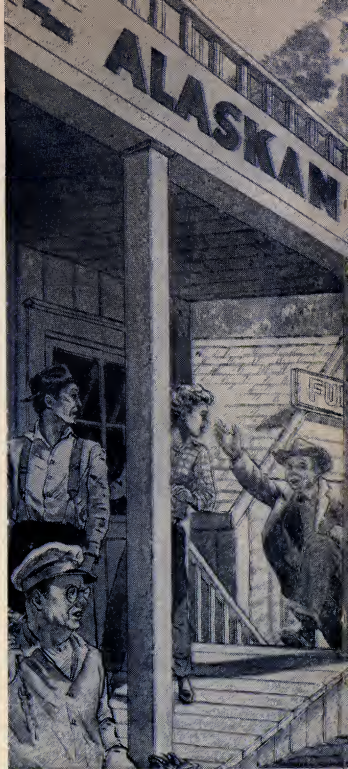
Standing before the mirror to unpin the braids that were coiled around her head, Sabine studied her reflected image. Her thin face, with angular planes that did not conform to conventional standards of beauty, was pale for want of sunshine. She remembered Lola's scornful words, intended to be overheard as she waited to be served in the grocery store.

"That dish of skim milk" was cutting, but as she studied herself, Sabine's generous mouth twisted bitterly as she silently agreed that it was apt. Retiring by nature, she had drawn out of her shell only under Ace's attentions. Once they ceased, she crept back into her little world of shop and home.

She picked up her hairbrush and stroked the yellow sawdust out of her hair. Still the memory of Ace and Lola lingered, and she was an invisible guest at their picnic.

They had gone fishing, outside the cliffs past the mouth of the harbor. Sabine pictured the scene, the sun beating down on restless, surging water which broke into lacy foam at the foot of the cliffs.

It would be warm, and Ace would blink sleepily as he slumped in the



A man was running toward them. . . . Only fear could have lent such speed to his rotund body.

stern, idly dangling a handline over the side of the boat. Only when he felt the tug of a fish would he erupt into wild activity, hauling the line in hand-over-hand. When the struggling fish broke the surface, he would shout triumphantly, or roar with anger if it escaped the hook.

After supper Tommie McNeil, one of her father's cronies, stopped by the shop.

"Mount Iliamna is kicking up quite a fuss tonight," he told them. "Come along to the point, and take a look."

Sabine joined the two men, and they strolled down the boardwalk to the point that guarded the entrance to the village harbor. The word of the volcano's unusual activity had spread, and other villagers headed for the same destination. A carnival air resulted, and the cool spring evening resounded with merriment.

Cook Inlet was calm, stirred only by long swells that rolled in from

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

the North Pacific and undulated the water but did not break its glassy surface. Across the smooth expanse, Sabine saw Mt. Iliamna thrust far above its surrounding range of mountains. The volcano was white with snow, and above its crater a cloud of vapor caught the roseate glow of sunset.

As they watched, the crater belched balloons of flaming gases, which floated for a moment, then disappeared in the colorful sky. The tumult of the bystanders had ceased as they listened in awe-stricken silence.

"The Alaska Range sure is cookin' tonight," old Tommie commented in a whisper. "Mt. Redoubt is smoking, too."

Sabine turned her head and saw that farther up the Inlet another gigantic peak was also wreathed in smoke and vapor. The awesome show of nature's force frightened her. She felt dwarfed by the immensity of the elements and wondered fearfully if the eruptions were a prelude to disaster. Forty years ago, she heard old-timers tell, another mountain in the same range had blown its top and covered the surrounding area with more than a foot of volcanic ash.

Dispirited and depressed by the day's happenings, she silently followed her companions home. Idly she wondered if Ace and Lola were watching the eruption from their vantage point outside the harbor. Lola was not the type to enjoy scenery, but even she must be impressed by the volcanic activity.

In her downhearted mood, Sabine took a perverse pleasure in torturing herself with an unflattering comparison to Lola Williams. In all honesty, she could not blame Ace for preferring her successor.

The part-Indian girl, with her vivid dusky beauty, was as high-hearted as Ace himself. With her arrival the laughter was louder, the quarrels hotter, as she and Ace led the gang in their gay activities. Even if she had wanted to, Sabine knew she could not have kept the pace of dances, parties, and picnics. Better for her, she decided, to withdraw altogether.

Sabine, her father, and old Tommie McNeil had nearly reached the cabinet shop when an uproar started farther down the walk. A shout was

raised, and its note of hysteria quickened Sabine's heart with fright.

A man was running toward them. It was the operator of the wireless station. Only fear could have lent such speed to his rotund body. His voice was almost a scream. Sabine could not distinguish the words. Whatever his message, it galvanized the villagers into action. In his wake he left panic, as people ran in mad confusion.

"Tidal wave!"

His words reached the trio. For a wild moment Sabine suspected a joke. She remembered the wireless operator was a notorious prankster, but one look at his face, distorted by frantic intensity, dispelled her thought.

"A tidal wave headed in this direction. Going to hit us within a few minutes!"

He would have passed them at a run, but Tommie McNeil stepped into his path and clutched him firmly. Panting, almost sobbing with excitement, the man allowed himself to be stopped.

"Is this true?" Tommie demanded harshly. "How do you know?"

Still gasping, the man nodded his head vehemently. Then he regained his voice.

"Radio station at Kodiak Naval Base. Got planes out, keeping track of wave."



With a convulsive movement he tore himself away. Again he lifted his voice to a shout and resumed his race through the village.

Dumbly Sabine stared after him. There was something heroic about him, a modern Paul Revere. His thought was to warn the villagers, forgetting that he might have been saving himself.

Sabine suddenly realized the danger. She whirled. Tommie was hurrying off in the direction of his home to save his crippled wife. Her father had disappeared into the shop. Sabine rushed after him.

"Our papers! No use trying to save anything else." Her father cast a hurried glance around the shop. Not much of value there could be moved two hundred feet high in a few minutes.

Sabine raced upstairs. She dove into the clothes closet and emerged with the brief case that contained their valuable papers. Through the open window she heard the hysterical tumult.

Some of the villagers ran in circles. Others stood dumbly, staring seaward as though awaiting the gigantic wave. Still others already clutching their valuables were headed for the hills. Mothers screamed for children, husbands shouted for wives.

Over all, the schoolhouse bell started to toll. Its insistent rhythm summoned the people, and Sabine remembered that the building, crowning a knoll overlooking the town, was well over two hundred feet above the harbor.

Before rushing downstairs and to safety, she looked out the front window, half expecting to see the monstrous wave come rolling in from the Pacific. Her glance fell. She stiffened with horror. The beach in front of the shop, where Ace kept his skiff, was empty. Ace and Lola were still out on the water.

Sabine closed her eyes and shuddered. She pictured the couple lazily in their boat, unconscious of the danger that was swooping down on them. They were too far away to catch the uproar in the village. She knew with utter certainty that no one would think to warn them.

She leaped for the stairs. Her father awaited her.

"Go to the schoolhouse," she ordered, thrusting the brief case at him. "I've got to find someone to go after Ace."

Her father opened his mouth to protest, then subsided when Sabine disappeared before he could speak.

On the boardwalk, she paused and gazed frantically in either direction. The commotion had abated, giving way to an air of grim purpose. The people streamed from their homes, some heavily laden, others empty-

(Continued on following page)

SABINE'S VICTORY

(Continued from preceding page)

handed. All headed for the school-house or the slopes that surrounded the harbor.

As one or another of her acquaintances passed, Sabine snatched at them desperately. Futilely she gasped out her appeal for help. She was shaken off, usually without a word to soften the refusal.

She ran down the walk, seeking some of Ace's particular friends. None of them were in sight. She hurried on. As she came to the cannery, she saw Luke Eaton, young son of the salmon cannery owner, run into the building. Grimly she followed him.

Luke Eaton had never mingled with the young people of the village, and Ace and his friends considered him a snob. Sabine was made shy by his cool, impersonal glance, and after they had finished school she seldom spoke to him. Now she forgot her timidity, as she came upon him tearing a large First Aid kit off the office wall.

"Luke, you've got to help me," she gasped. "Ace and Lola are fishing out by the cliffs. Someone must go get them."

As she spoke, the horror of the situation nearly overwhelmed her. Her gray eyes glowed luminously, and her angular face was even more drawn and bony.

Luke shook his head impatiently. "I can't, Sabine. I'm on the Rescue Squad, and we're going to evacuate the hospital." He brushed past her, then paused. His stern young face softened for a moment, and he finished. "I'm sorry."

Sabine's shoulders sagged. It was no use. No one would go.

For a moment she was defeated. Her dull eyes wandered to the water's edge. A trim, red-painted dory rolled in the gentle wash of the sea. It was Luke's little craft, his pride and joy. Sabine had often seen him row around the harbor, a solitary figure who seemed lonely in spite of his exalted position.

She stiffened as the thought leaped full-blown into her mind. In a flash she jumped off her cannery porch and ran down the beach. An instant later she had left the shore and was rowing toward the cliffs. From the slope in the direction of the hospital she heard Luke shout, his protesting

voice dimmed by the distance that already separated them. She paid no attention but rowed steadily onward.

She stood in the dory and faced forward, pushing at the oars fisherman fashion. She concentrated on rowing, intent on making every stroke count. On the forward motion she leaned into the stroke with all the strength in her slim body, rocking back smoothly when the oar had completed its span. Remembering the distance she had to go, she conserved her strength by holding a steady, even pace.

The tumult of the village dimmed, and only the tolling of the bell echoed musically over the harbor. The steady "clack-clack" of the oarlocks filled her ears, with the chuckle of the water on the bow of the dory providing a muted undertone.

Sabine smiled grimly, as she remembered that Ace had taught her to row, had given her a chance to practise as they trolled for fish on sunlit winter days. Then their light hearts had no inkling of disaster.

The thought reminded her of the impending cataclysm. She realized vaguely that the deadline the wireless operator pronounced was probably long since passed. Her stroke slowed momentarily, as she straightened and stared seaward. All was calm, with the distance shrouded in violet haze. She swung around and winced at twinges of pain from overtaxed muscles. Then pain was forgotten, as she spotted Ace's skiff gently rising and falling on the incoming tide.

Seizing the oars with renewed vigor, she headed for the unsuspecting couple. With her goal in sight, she was wearily thankful that she

had made it in time. The drifting skiff was pointed up the Inlet, and Lola spotted the oncoming dory. Sabine saw her lean forward, then Ace twisted in the stern seat so that he could stare incredulously in her direction.

"A tidal wave is coming!" Sabine shouted.

She was close enough to see the blank, unbelieving look that covered both faces.

"Hurry!" she shrieked. "We've got to get ashore and into the hills."

To her own ears her tone sounded hysterical. It convinced Ace. He thrust his fishing line at Lola, who jerked it into the skiff in a tangled mass. While she did so, he labored over the outboard motor.

Sabine saw his anger, as the balky engine refused to start. While he cranked, she dropped the oars and reached for the painter. She coiled it neatly and held it ready to throw to Ace when he started up and could take her in tow.

After repeated jerks and windings of the starter cord, the outboard motor coughed and roared smokily. Ace adjusted the engine frantically, while glancing over his shoulder to get his bearings. He made a wide circle, and Sabine waited in poised readiness for him to approach the dory.

She could see that Lola was terrified. Her face was blanched of its rosiness, so that her skin was a muddy brown. She leaned forward and shouted to Ace, as though urging him to greater speed. He reached out and patted her on the shoulder, and Sabine saw him grin reassuringly.

The distance between the two boats widened. Sabine frowned uneasily. Then she shook her head in disbelief. Ace had straightened his course and headed for the harbor.

The painter thudded in the bottom of the dory, as it fell from her nerveless hands. Wearily she sank down on the seat. Her mind was numb. She could not even summon anger. Dumbly she stared at a gull, wheeling and screaming raucously above her. Then her eyes swept the horizon, and she wondered what she was doing out here on the Inlet.

Her glance fell to her hands lying in her lap. Her fingers were curled as though still cradling the oars, and she forced them open stiffly and with

(Continued on page 351)

PIONEER MOTHER

By Enola Chamberlin

I CANNOT paint her in a lilac dress
With folded hands, not idle nor serene.
She faced with faith a new land's emptiness,
And day by day set distances between
Herself and all she knew. Her life was
bare

As life can be. She cooked our simple food
Above a campfire's heat and smoke and glare.

She washed in streams the clothing for her
brood.

No lilac dress, but rich, farseeing eyes,
That watched with eager faith the road
unroll.

That saw God's wonders in the alien skies,
That fed all beauty to her questing soul.
No folded hands, but finger tips that lay
Upon my heart and drove all fear away.

Pioneer PARTY

By

Madoline Cloward Dixon

How would you like to attend a party wearing a dress that dated back to Latter-day Saint history in Nauvoo, Illinois, . . . or to half a century ago, when electric lights were first turned on in the homes of a Utah community?

A handful of cousins did and enjoyed it immensely—some women brought together when a Californian returned to her home town to visit her numerous "country cousins." They had been invited to spend the afternoon at the home of Mrs. Jennie Dixon McClellan in Payson, Utah, and her merry eyes twinkled as she let them into the double parlor decorated during the "gay nineties" by the wife of a former mayor of the town.

"I have dresses for all of you to wear today," she told them. "Come upstairs, and we'll see which will fit each of you."

The cousins cast their eyes about the old house, then followed her up the stairway. Nothing had been changed since they had come here as children. The Georgian loveseat with its matching chairs were as elegant as ever in their carved, rounded frames and their green silk upholstery. The waxed fruit and flowers under the glass dome were as untouchable. The lace curtains hung at the windows, and the flowered carpet covered the floor.

Only Jennie had changed. When they had come here as children, she had been the little girl from across the street. Now, in her widowhood, she lived here as mother, grandmother, and even great-grandmother.

The feet of the cousins thudded on the soft carpet of the stairs as they followed their hostess up the steps. Their merry voices filled the heights of the stairwell. "I was never in the upstairs," Marie told them.

"Nor I," Arlis returned, though it was difficult to understand how

this mischievous-eyed youngster of the group had failed to investigate this home of her great aunt before she had reached her present status as wife and homemaker.

"I used to come here often," Nell, the eldest of the group told them. "Jennie and I were bosom friends, you know, and she was a favorite of Aunt Mamie's."

"Weren't you the lucky one!" remarked Kathryn to Jennie, the pair of them padding along ahead of the others.

"Lucky?" Jennie questioned.

"To inherit all of this," Kathryn explained. Jennie paused at the landing and turned to look into the faces of her cousins. *Losing your husband and being left with four little children wasn't exactly luck. Living in this house came about only through a strange course of events.*

On the upper floor she led them into a bedroom off the hall. "This was Aunt Mamie's room," she said, indicating the gleaming brass bed, the oak dresser, and the huge ward-

robe near which a low, rounded trunk crouched in the corner.

Jennie waited expectantly as they examined the room. With a certain awe, they felt the drama of the moment. Here it was that their Aunt Mamie had lived while she was the social queen of the town. In this very bedroom she had preened before going down to climb into the red-wheeled buggy beside Uncle Hyrum, a portly gentleman who wore a moustache and carried a gold-handled cane. For her he had accumulated a small fortune in cattle and a store on main street. They had had no children; and when Jennie had been widowed, they simply took her and her children to live with them.

The entire story was in their minds as Jennie stooped to the low trunk and threw back its lid. A stack of white eyelet embroidered petticoats lay starched and clean as if ready for use once they came into style again. Jennie pushed them aside

(Concluded on following page)



Three generations of dresses: L to R: Marie Douglass Stephensen, dress of 1875; Kathryn Douglass Groesbeck, dress of 1843; Arlis Douglass Hutchinson, dress of 1897.

PIONEER PARTY

(Continued from preceding page)

and fumbled into the lower regions of the trunk. Suddenly an expression of reward crossed her face as she struggled to a standing position, her hands holding a dress of dull black silk.

She held it before her, letting the folds fall from her shoulders. "This is one of the oldest dresses in the state of Utah," she told them. "Aunt Mamie wore it over a hundred years ago."

The cousins touched the dress, and the voluminous skirt cascaded to the floor. Arlis lifted the white lace jabot that fell across the bosom of the dress and then laid her finger on the lace at the neckline. "The lace around the neck is called 'ruching,' isn't it?"

"That's right," Jennie told her. She was searching the wardrobe now, and from behind the racks of dresses she brought forth a set of intricately made hoops. "These were worn with the dress—these and half a dozen petticoats—to make it stand out," she explained.

The lower hoop was as big around as a bicycle wheel, each additional hoop becoming smaller until the top hoop almost reached the waist. Tiny hinges made the hoops collapsible, and the entire set was held together with bands of linen tape. A hollow place at the top held their attention, and as Kathryn stepped into them, she arranged it at the back—

"No! No!" Jennie laughed. "The hollow place doesn't go in back. It goes in front. It's for the expecting mother and the baby that swells her figure."

They all laughed; then Kathryn became thoughtful. "Her first child was born two weeks after the wagon train started across the plains for Utah." Kathryn had become family historian, now that she had given up schoolteaching and was, instead, the wife of a schoolteacher. "They stopped for two days," she told them, "then caught up with the main party."

"That's how they became acquainted with Brigham Young," Nell told them. "It was his second trip West, and he was the leader of the company in which they were traveling. He often stopped in this settlement in later years, had dinner at

Grandpa's place quite often, they said."

Jennie had heard the story dozens of times and was back at the wardrobe again. This time she brought out a worn hatbox, and from it she lifted a small straw bonnet. Bright little flowers were clustered at its low crown, and long ribbons of tan-colored taffeta were tacked at each side, to be tied under the chin of the wearer.

"It reminds me of *Gone with the Wind*," Marie remarked, as she brought to mind a favorite story of her college days. "But look, what's this?" Her finger indicated a small tab sewed into the lining.

On it were embroidered the words: "Worn by Agnes Cross Douglass in Nauvoo, Ill., 1843."

"Imagine that," Arlis marveled. "It's over a hundred years old."

Marie's eyes grew large in wonder. "It's older than Scarlett's, then. Her story took place about 1863, when the Civil War was on."

"The Saints came West in 1847," Kathryn mused.

Jennie had now turned to the wardrobe, and from its top shelf she pulled a stiff cardboard box. "This was Aunt Mamie's wedding dress," she said, her fingers tugging anxiously at the string. Lifting the lid, she rustled the yellow tissue slightly as she pushed it aside, and then they all saw the dress, its blue loveliness showing even before it was unfolded from its storage place.

"It's made of French imported taffeta. See the saucy bustle in the back, edged in this real lace of ecru. And notice all of this hand shirring!"

"It's a lovely thing," Arlis agreed, "but how modest they were! Such high necks and long sleeves! And the skirts must have touched the floor!"

Kathryn was figuring. "This dress was a generation away from the black dress, wasn't it?"

Jennie nodded. "Aunt Mamie was the youngest daughter of Agnes Douglass, who owned the black dress. Her sister helped make this blue wedding dress, I've been told."

"Do you have a third generation dress?" Kathryn wanted to know.

Jennie smiled in satisfaction. She had wanted to show her very own. "I have my wedding dress and the one I wore as a bridesmaid at Nell's

wedding," she said, tossing Nell a smile of intimate approval. "But before I show those to you, I want to let you see two others that were my mother's."

She brought more boxes from the wardrobe, and additional dresses were spread upon the white coverlet of the bed. "This brown taffeta belonged to my mother, about 1880. The green band on the skirt and across the shoulders were high style, she told me, and she wore hoops with it, of course, though they are smaller than those worn with the black dress."

Another of her mother's was a long black skirt with plaited flounce at the lower edge, with a black petticoat edged in eyelet embroidery to be worn with it. The upper part of the costume proved to be a beautiful cream-colored waist of satin, hand-embroidered across the bosom.

Then she brought her own dresses from their storage places. Her wedding dress was of cream-colored silk, heavily embroidered, the neck finished with what Jennie termed a "dog collar." It was so tiny that it was doubtful whether any of them could wear it.

Her bridesmaid dress was of pink brocaded damask, with black tape in triple rows as trimming for the lower edge of the skirt and the bodice front, and a cascade of black lace fell across each of the shoulders.

"You wore that on my wedding night," Nell recalled. "And my dress was cream brocaded satin."

"Your hair was as black then as it is white today," Jennie remarked. "That was over fifty years ago."

A light kindled in Nell's eyes. "New Year's Eve, 1897," she remarked. "We had electric lights in our home for the first time that night."

The shadows of the poplar trees had begun to lengthen before the group came downstairs for refreshments, each wearing the dress that fitted her best. And during the remainder of the day the thoughts and the conversation of the cousins, descendants of pioneer stock and dressed in the feminine finery of those early days, dwelt upon their heritage. This pioneer party helped them to better understand the past and appreciate the present.

FOXTAIL

by Eugene Olen

KARLTON came home feeling pretty low. For days he had planned on his trip to settle tithes with the bishop. Just think of a boy of ten who had \$15.97 to pay in tithing! He had gone over in his mind how surprised the bishop would be, and how he would slip his arm around him and compliment him.

When he arrived at the bishop's office, it was crowded. There were money and checks on the tables in piles. His small contribution made no showing at all. Worst of all, the ward clerk who took his money had to ask his name. What should have been a great event had been a disappointment. He had been embarrassed and ill-at-ease. It seemed like a whole year's work gone to waste.

"Mother," he said when he arrived home, "no one cared whether I paid my tithing or not. They didn't even know my name and seemed glad when I was out of the way. I could have gone to a lot of shows for fifteen dollars."

Mrs. Bidgood was troubled by his attitude and left off washing dishes. As she dried her hands, she was thinking how to meet this apparent slight. "Son, how old are you?" she asked.

"I'm nearly eleven." He straightened up an inch taller.

"Just as I thought. You're almost grown up, so I must tell you that the bishop spoiled you with kindness every time you brought a few pennies for tithing. He is a very busy man and spends lots of time for us." She knew that her boy had been taught why he should give a tenth of his earnings. She must find something else that would illustrate the law.

"One day many years ago," she said, "your great-great-grandfather, Carl, sat in his little rock house and looked out its one small window. He was very lonely because his wife had died and left him with five small children. He had to earn the living, do the cooking, wash the clothes, do the ironing, and a hundred other things each day. He had finally decided to give the baby girl to his

sister, and he felt bad to think of parting with her. But he could not take care of baby and do all the other things, too. Besides this, he couldn't speak English very well. He was a Norwegian shoemaker who had joined the Church and was now trying to farm. It was such a struggle that one winter they had lived on bread and roots of sego lilies, with now and then a piece of mutton that some neighbor gave them.

"While Carl was thinking of his troubles, his pet sheep came up to the window and put its nose up to be petted. 'Aha,' said Carl, 'you want a crust of bread.' He went to the wall and took down a flour sack half full of crusts that had been saved and dried. The sheep ate the bread and waited for more. Carl started to laugh. He remembered that they had been out of bread that morning but here was bread two or three years old. And to think he would forget the sack. Now they could have bread soup for supper, and the boys would love it.

"Just then Christian came rushing in and scared the sheep away. 'The team is hooked up, Father. Where shall we get the hay for tithing?'

"Carl turned toward his boy. He must teach him a good lesson in tith-

ing. This was more important than bread or anything right now.

"Ve owe vone big load of hay, and I vant you boys should go in de soutvest corner of de field vere de vild hay is much finer and not coarse. Be sure you get no foxtail hay. Ve must give de best to de Lord. Remember, no foxtail."

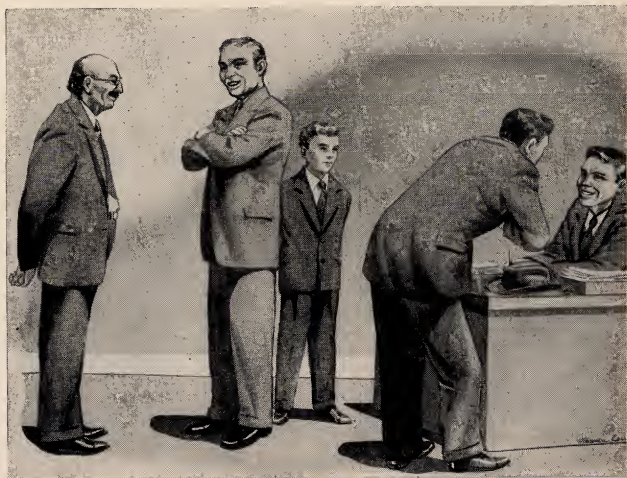
"Years later, one of Carl's boys told me that that was the best sermon on tithing that had been preached. Because when he and your great-great-grandfather drove into the tithing yard, the first thing they noticed was that some of the hay there had lots of foxtail in it. They were proud that even though they had no bread to eat, their father didn't pick out the coarse swampy hay for tithing.

"After they unloaded, another wagon moved up and covered their good hay so that no one ever knew about it but the boys. And the bishop didn't come out and tell them what fine boys they were for working so hard to bring in the hay."

Karlton looked at his mother in silence. Then he smiled. "Golly, Mom, I don't know as \$15.97 is so much after all. If I was starving, I don't know if I could do like that or not. I'd feel like selling the hay and buying food."

Mrs. Bidgood saw that her boy was smiling again. "Whenever it seems hard to pay my tithes," she concluded, "I always think of 'remember, no foxtail,' and then it is easy."

When he arrived at the bishop's office, it was crowded.





ON THE Bookrack

GREAT MESSAGE OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS

(Thomas Stuart Ferguson, octavo published by the author, 1 Irving Lane, Orinda, California. 28 pages. 60 cents. 50 cents to missionaries.)

This unusual pamphlet designed to aid missionaries is not only a beautiful specimen of good printing but also presents a series of rather unusual pictures of the works of the people of Ancient America. It is a challenging booklet. There was a high civilization in the America of the past; there were people here of Hebrew descent. The booklet closes with the story and message of the Book of Mormon. The last page carries a beautiful picture of Joseph Smith—the well-known profile of the Prophet.—J. A. W.

GIANTS OF GEOLOGY

(Carroll L. Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 333 pages. 1952. \$3.50.)

PERSONS who are not professional scientists may taste the joy of scientific inquiry and discovery by the reading of the origin, development, and conquest in the several branches of science. This book does just that. The story of earth science is related simply and through the lives of the people who gathered the fragments of knowledge and put them together to bring about the honorable and dependable science of geology. Anecdotes make each person and his work stand out clearly. It is entertaining as well as good, informative reading.—J. A. W.

WET SCIENCE INVADES THE SCHOOLS

(Ernest Gordon, published by author, Evanston, Illinois. 146 pages. 1951. \$2.00.)

ALCOHOL seeks to defend its iniquity in every possible manner. The schools and churches are not immune. This informative little book gives what seems to be convincing evidence of the defense attempted by the vendors of alcohol to secure the support of the schools and the churches of the land. For those interested, and all should be, this might be a very helpful volume.

—J. A. W.

THY PEOPLE, MY PEOPLE

(Elizabeth Hoernberg, Thomas Crowell and Company, New York. 314 pages. \$3.75.)

THE Canadian wife of a German citizen presents here the inside story of what it was like in Germany after

the war from 1946 to 1948. The story is intimately told, often eloquently. Those interested in the sad chapter of human behavior will find this volume both interesting and instructive.

—J. A. W.

ALCOHOLISM OR ABSTINENCE

(C. Aubrey Hearn. The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. 96 pages. 85 cents.)

An intelligent and powerful argument against the use of alcohol, excellently organized.—J. A. W.

THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE

(Gerald W. Johnson. Harper & Bros., New York. 1951. 205 pages. \$2.75.)

THE author states, "to be American requires thought, effort, and, especially, courage." He then traces the development of the United States from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution down to the present, and he believes that the same kind of courageous thinking is required today as in the early days of the nation. This is a stimulating and exhilarating book to read in this day of easy discouragement. Even though the reader may not agree completely with all that the author writes, the reader will be challenged to clearer, more analytical thinking about the problem of government. Even those not of this nation will find the book stimulating and valuable.

—M. C. J.

THE LIVING BIBLE

(Edited by Robert A. Ballou. Viking Press, New York. 1952. 729 pages. \$3.75.)

THE author, who a few years ago edited the *Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature*, has done an exceptional work in this book, basing his text on the King James version of the Bible. Into the book he has woven the Apocrypha in addition to the pre-gospel sayings of Jesus.

Undoubtedly this shortened version will serve as a gateway into the Bible that otherwise might be closed because to many young readers the extraneous material as well as the size of the print fosters disinterest. However, those who read this version will have their introduction to Bible history, literature, and religion so firmly in mind that they will desire to know the complete Bible and will turn to it more fully prepared to understand its grandeur.—M. C. J.

WHAT EISENHOWER THINKS

(Edited and Interpreted by Allan Taylor, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1952. 186 pages. \$2.75.)

ALLAN TAYLOR is a staff member of *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*. He has produced a book of nineteen chapters of mixed commentary and quotations from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, which, in effect, constitutes one of the opening guns in the campaign to "draft" General Eisenhower for the presidency of the United States. According to Mr. Taylor "the purpose of this book is to present through Eisenhower's words—selected for their bearing on particular topics—his attitude towards some of the most vital problems confronting this nation today." The net result is the effort to identify an American hero with the traditional "values" of American life. The volume makes clear the well-known position that General Eisenhower believes the problems of Europe and the world are American problems, whether we like it or not. On more crucial questions those of public finance and the impact of fiscal policy on America's domestic and foreign policy, the book leaves us with a gap. There will probably be no answers to these fundamental questions if and until General Eisenhower campaigns personally for the presidency.—G. H. D.

THE CHANCELLOR'S PARTY

(Don Liljenquist. Playwright Press Salt Lake City, Utah. 1949. 132 pages.)

This is Iowa's prize-winning centennial play, written while the author was a student at the State University of Iowa. It was successfully produced in the University Theater eleven times, and should be produced, if it has not already been done, in the author's native state. It is good reading.

—J. A. W.

THE BIBLE WHEN YOU WANT IT (Lewis Gaston Leary, compiler. Association Press, New York. 1951. \$1.00.)

This pocket-and purse-sized collection of verses from the Bible will make an interesting gift item to those who are in the armed services or those at home. Arranged cleverly with graduated size finger index, the quotations deal with What to Read When—happy, thankful, critical, impatient, ill-treated, angry, tempted, discouraged, frightened, together with other classifications. Christians will find it genuinely stimulating and useful.—M. C. J.

(Concluded on page 346)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

What Price Liberty?

by Ivie H. Jones



Los Angeles Trio to Mexico in search of family records.

Left to right: Sister Luisa Silva Muro, Simon Mejia, his mother—Sister Angelina Grano.

Brother Mejia is the heir to both his mother's and his father's lines.

TODAY people in all parts of the world are asking themselves, "What price liberty?" Nations have come to regard the "sword" and combat equipment as the price necessary to bring freedom.

To members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, freedom means more than the settling of national disputes; it means more than freedom from physical want.

War and bloodshed and suffering can never bring freedom of the soul. True freedom must come from a knowledge of the God who created us, the understanding of the plan of salvation, and from compliance with the laws and ordinances of the restored Church of our Savior.

Jesus said, "... Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3:3.) That means both the living and the dead, for God's laws are eternal.

As one scans the bit of family history penned on yellowed pages of the family Bible or a few incomplete family group sheets loosely tacked between flimsy cardboard covers on the Book of Remembrance, he is prone to ask, "How much longer must they wait? When will someone give them their freedom?"

Perhaps many of our loved ones

have heard of the gospel and its teachings in the spirit world, and they have accepted the message and believe in the great plan of salvation. What then? How can they be baptized and be freed from their spiritual prison if their loved ones do not take the time to search out their records or do the work for them that they cannot do for themselves?

The spirit of Elijah has touched the hearts of the Mexican people, and many of them are making great sacrifices to search out the records of their dead. On some family lines, after the first generation, the only source of information must come directly from Mexico. Someone must make the journey, for correspondence is often unsatisfactory. And merely going to Mexico gives no assurance that the patron will return with the valuable information he desires. Much of the success of these trips depends upon the preparation in advance. Knowing what information has already been secured and what is still needed is the best way to insure a fruitful attempt to get records, and starting "Family Group Work Sheets" in advance is a safeguard.

Every year since 1945 when the temple sessions were first solemnized in the Spanish language, Sister Luisa

Silva Muro of Los Angeles and her daughter Maria have attended the temple excursions in Mesa. Maria, who has served two full-term missions, one to Mexico and one in the Spanish-American Mission, has been excellent help in the temple, translating and helping in the clothing department.

Sister Muro has been a widow for twenty-seven years. At the time of her husband's death in Ciudad Juarez in 1924, none of the family had ever heard of the restored gospel. Soon after their baptism in 1932 she moved to the United States where they have all been active in the Church. Sister Muro served as Relief Society president in El Paso and later in the same capacity in Los Angeles, where the family still resides.

Sister Muro has made several trips to Mexico in search of genealogical data and has managed to secure information on a few names back one generation. Each year she has found it increasingly difficult to get this information, and two summers ago her trip to Mexico was almost a failure as she did not clear one name.

In the late fall of 1950 she made another trip to Mexico in company with Brother Mejia and his mother, Sister Angelina Grano. This time she went prepared. She spent a couple of days in El Paso checking the records in the mission office and getting her work sheets ready.

After she returned, with the help of the genealogical department of the mission office, all the information secured was prepared in family group sheet form and nineteen of these sheets, with some eighty-four names, ready for clearing at the Index Bureau, were typed up ready to be mailed to Salt Lake City. Other names are ready for clearing, but they are being held on the twenty-seven additional family group sheets awaiting more information on other names on the sheets.

As Sister Muro left the mission home with her new Book of Remembrance containing a typewritten copy of all the completed sheets, all the new sheets, and the new work sheets, together with the thirty-eight certificates, she cried for joy.

This is the result of dreams, prayers, hopes, savings, sacrifices, and tears. The trip to Mexico in 1950 was an expensive one for a widow woman, for it cost her fifteen hundred

(Concluded on following page)



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What Price Liberty?

(Concluded from preceding page)

pesos for the trip alone and one hundred and ninety pesos for the thirty-eight certificates (at five pesos each); and then the trip to El Paso from Los Angeles to check her records and secure help in getting her genealogy in shape to send to Salt Lake City cost her fifty dollars in American money.

This total of some two thousand pesos is an average expense of \$2.56 for each name that can be cleared. This seems like a lot of money, but let us compare it with the average cost of bringing one living convert into the Church. The average for the missions of the Church is more than five hundred dollars for each convert.

Sister Muro and Maria were at the Arizona Temple again this October when the sons and daughters of Lehi gathered to do work for their dead in the sacred Arizona Temple, and with the help of her friends she gave to about one hundred of her dead ancestors, liberty, and the hope of an exaltation in the celestial kingdom " . . . Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (*Ibid.*, 3:5.)

The worth of souls is great, and no price is too high.

OUTSTRETCHED WINGS

By Elizabeth H. deBlaquiere

Oh, I have watched in breathless wonderment
The humming airplanes lift their wings and soar
Above the eagle's flight! Their force unspent,
They mount the hills; their hidden motors roar.
Equipped to speed across the curving world,
Like pirates now they raid untrespassed space
Until they reach the rainbow just unfurled
To bind them in its prism's arched embrace.

Within some planet's starlit arms they seem
To rest awhile, then wend their charted way;
Still whirling through the surf of air, they gleam
Against the pallid moon. All night, all day—
Each pilot guides his eager craft, then brings it home at last on throbbing, outstretched wings.

HEADS YOU WIN



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or
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Wheat King Lars Peterson of Bitter Root Valley, Montana, picks a winner. Mr. Peterson, a ten-time International Grand Champion with his carefully bred wheat, oats, and barley, harvests his prize grain with his own ALL-CROP.

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ALL-CROP is an Allis-Chalmers trademark.

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M. I. A. ACTIVITIES

We salute these M.I.A. groups for their participation in M.I.A. programs: (top to bottom) Fairmount Ward, San Diego (California) Stake, Mia Maids tying their rose bouquet, Bee Hive Girls' ballet of the Boise First Ward, Boise (Idaho) Stake, and another picture from that ward's Gold and Green ball, which honored their Honor Bees, Mia Joys, Silver Gleaners, and Golden Gleaners. The Springville First Ward, Kolob (Utah) Stake, Mia Maids rose-tying ceremony.

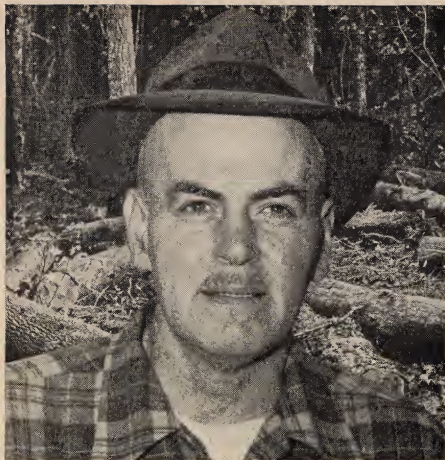


We've been asked...

"What's wrong about integration? It's the way I operate, too!"

Many businessmen have said: *"This 'integration' you big companies are attacked for is just a matter of doing more than one part of a job. So what's wrong about that? It's the way I operate, too!"*

Consider first that "integration" means simply carrying a job through several steps. Integration can't make a good company bad. It's a method any business may use as it competes for your patronage, increasing its efficiency and benefiting you by keeping prices down. Let's compare our method of operation with that of another integrated fuel-producer whose system is centuries old:



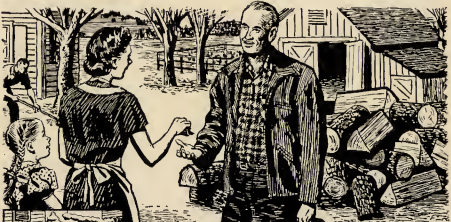
A woodcutter goes into a forest and fells trees. Standard drills into the ground and brings up oil. If the woodcutter sells the logs then and there... and if Standard sells the crude oil to some buyer at the well... there's no integration. Each has performed only one part of the job.



Now if the woodcutter takes the next step and cuts the logs into fireplace size, he has become an integrated business. Like him, Standard works to turn the product into the forms you use. We refine our crude oil into gasoline, lubricants, fuel oil, and other products. So we're integrated, too.



When the woodcutter hauls a load of firewood he extends his integration. He's now in the transportation business... as is Standard when we use our tankers and pipelines to transport oil from well to refinery, and the refined products from there to areas where they'll be used.



And if the woodcutter finally sells the firewood to you, his operation is fully integrated. Ours is, too, when we sell you fuel oil... or when we sell gasoline through Company-owned service stations. So is integration wrong? Not at all. And we make best use of it to bring you better products at low cost.

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THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 318)

when he was executed for murdering a righteous judge; King Noah, of mixed Mulekite descent, horrified the Nephites by introducing the ways of the old Jaredite kings—oppressive taxation, whoredoms, and abominations, "... elegant and spacious buildings, ..." the pursuit of his opponents into the wilderness, priestly colleges and ritual hierodules, and all the rest. We have here two opposing ways of life, with strong indication that all the popular support is by no means on the side of the Nephites. That the name of the prize rebel of them all, Gadianton, is not found in the short Jaredite list is not to be wondered at, but we only need to compare it with such titles as Morianton and Coriantumr to realize that it is good Jaredite.

There is nothing in the Book of Mormon that shows direct contact between the Nephites and the Jaredites. There is always a go-between—the Mulekites, who, as the story of the elder Coriantumr shows, were the nearest neighbors to the Jaredites and separated, as we learn from Mosiah's account, by a considerable distance from the Nephites. Everything points to the absorption of a good deal of Jaredite culture by the people of Zarahemla shortly after their arrival: The tradition of a very Jaredite pattern of behavior and dissent against Nephite rule of men of Mulekite background bearing Jaredite names makes the case pretty clear. The dropping of the name *Jaredites* by their mixed descendants has many historical parallels. Thus the Hurrians lost their name so quickly and completely when they mixed with the Hittites that until recent years it was doubted that there ever were such people; yet we now know that it was the Hurrians, ranging over the vast back-country to the north, that supplied the Hittites with their ruling class and their tradition of empire. Such a role may be scattered and nomad Jaredites of the last days have played in contact with the more civilized but less aggressive people of Zarahemla, completely losing their Jaredite identity but still given away, as are the Hurrians, by the strange names of their leaders.

THE HIDERS

Decisive, I believe, in determining the ultimate fate of the Jaredites is

the fact that they were past masters at dodging and hiding. Their history begins with Nimrah and Omer hiding in the wilderness and ends with Shiz and Coriantumr and Ether himself doing the same. Are we to believe of such people that when "... part of them fled to the army of Shiz, and a part of them fled to the army of Coriantumr ..." (*Ibid.*, 14:20), none of them attempted to flee to the wilderness or that no one tried to get away when "... the cry went forth throughout the land ..." that Shiz was approaching, sweeping the earth before him (*Ibid.*, 14:18), or that no one succeeded in escaping when "the people began to be frightened, and began to flee before the armies of Coriantumr"? (*Ibid.*, 14:27.) When we read that the wild hosts "... swept off the inhabitants before them, all them that would not join them ..." (*Ibid.*, 14:27), the picture is that of people doing their best to get out of the way, the classic picture of those who "flee to the mountains" or break for the woods on the approach of the Assyrian king, the Mongol hordes, or the modern Chinese general.²⁵⁵ In Asia the escapees often formed themselves for survival into formidable, warlike tribes (the modern Goloks are such) and carried on a tradition and style of warfare remarkably like that of the North American Indians.²⁵⁶ Centuries of wars of annihilation have given the people of central Asia "a great heritage of the hiding instinct, and only by using and cultivating this have they avoided extermination."²⁵⁷ As we have seen, this valuable instinct was zealously cultivated among the Jaredites, and nowhere is there any indication that none made their escape, either during the final war or at an earlier time.

When Shiz and Coriantumr attempted a universal *levee en masse*, it was not the work of four weeks to bring their armies together, but of four years, which argues an outstanding lack of patriotic passion among the people in general. Such levees took just as long in Asia (e.g. those of Genghiz Khan and the king of Khwarazm), and for the obvious reason that the people were very widely scattered, out of touch with the central governments, reluctant to co-operate in an enterprise in which

(Continued on page 342)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 340)

they had nothing to gain but wounds. The same situation is clearly suggested in Ether: "... they were for the space of four years gathering together the people, that they might get all who were upon the face of the land, and that they might receive all the strength which it was possible that they could receive." (*Ibid.*, 15:14.) Note the purpose clause: We are not told that they achieved their goal, but only that they tried; in the next verse the statement "... when they were all gathered together, ..." is simply a general remark (it is a favorite expression with Homer) that could be made of any group no matter how large or how small.

On top of this, the established Jaredite practice of simply refusing to join any army and living as robbers or "bands of outcasts" would have made it very hard to keep the people in line even after the big armies had sucked them in. Ether finds it worthy of note that great numbers actually stuck it out to the end and can only attribute their behavior in not deserting and going back to the woods to the power of Satan. (*Ibid.*, 15:19.) And what of the robbers? Were they wiped out? Did they reform? As the nation became more and more involved in a hopeless war, bandits could operate with increasing immunity, their numbers swelled by opportunists and deserters, and as in Asia their depredations would continue unchecked for generations. Nothing is less surprising, then, than to find the direst villain of Nephite history, one whose craft was "... to carry on the secret work of murder and of robbery ..." (Helaman 2:4), whose secret bands lurked in the wilderness and operated as a murderous underground, going under the Jaredite name of Gadianton.

The combing of the land for recruits did not include the entire continent, for it completely overlooked the Nephites, Lamanites, and Mulekites living on it, and who is to say that given *thousands* of years to wander in, plus a great tradition of hunting and nomadism, no Jaredites could have gone to the outermost limits of the continent? Ether is writing the history of one nation only, and Moroni is presenting less than one percent of that history

(Ether 15:33)—a few renegades are no concern of theirs. Those who drop out of the main picture simply cease to exist for Ether's history or for any other history. But we would welcome a word from the Book of Mormon that might show us that there actually were such lost and wandering groups on the hemisphere.

As if for the specific purpose of giving us that assurance, a few terse verses in Omni point to the people of Zarahemla, whose history is given so briefly as to seem entirely without significance otherwise. Though these people play an important role once they enter the sphere of Nephite history, their whole past is summed up in but three verses. (Omni 15-17.) That shows us how closely the editors of the Book of Mormon stick to the business at hand, shunning any kind of digression and stubbornly refusing to tell about any people but the announced subjects of their history. The people of Zarahemla are only mentioned because they have to be—since they in time became bona fide Nephites. But the brief and grudging nod to their past is a priceless clue for us. It is a reminder that just because Lehi's people had come from Jerusalem by special direction we are not to conclude that other men cannot have had the same experience. And by the same token the fact that the Jaredites were led to the land of promise at the time of the dispersion gives us no right to conclude that no one else was ever so led, either earlier or later than they. It is nowhere said or implied that even the Jaredites were the first to come here, any more than it is said or implied that they

were the first or only people to be led from the tower. Long after the Book of Mormon appeared, Joseph Smith quoted with approval from the pulpit reports of certain Toltec legends which would make it appear that those people had come originally from the Near East in the time of Moses;²²⁸ whether such a migration ever took place or not, it is significant that the Prophet was not reluctant to recognize the possibility of other migrations than those mentioned in the Book of Mormon.

The argument of silence bears some weight in considering the possibility of "other sheep." When the Jaredites journey into a land "where there never had man been," our history finds the fact worthy of note, even though the party was only passing through. Now there is a great deal said in the Book of Mormon about the past and future of the promised land but never is it described as an empty land. The descendants of Lehi were never the only people on the continent, and the Jaredites never claimed to be.

While on the subject, I cannot resist the temptation to quote for you a remarkable passage from Origen's *First Principles*, in which that zealous scholar quotes from Clement, who, as you know, comes close to being the earliest Christian writer after the Apostles:

Clement, the disciple of the Apostles, recalls those whom the Greeks designate as *antichthonians* (dwellers on the other side of the earth), and other parts of the earth's sphere (or circuit) which cannot be reached by anyone from our regions, and from which none of the inhabitants dwelling there is able to get to us; he calls these areas "worlds" when he says: "The Ocean is not to be crossed by men, but those worlds which lie on the other side of it are governed by the same ordinances (lit. dispositions) of a guiding and directing God as these."²²⁹

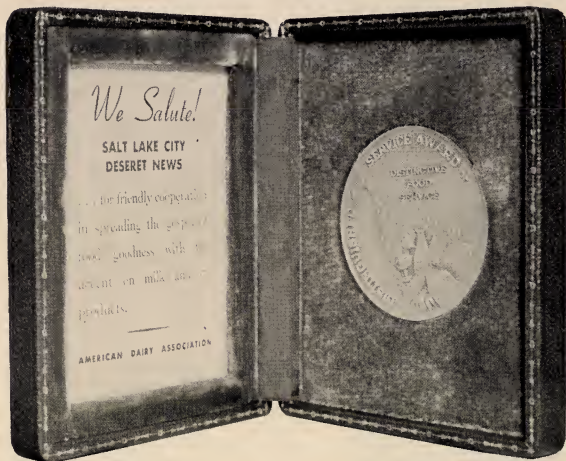
Here is a clear statement that the *earliest* Christians taught that there were people living on the other side of the world who enjoyed the guidance of God in complete isolation from the rest of the world. The teaching was very soon lost along with other "precious things" and is never approved again after Origen (Augustine specifically opposed it), but it well illustrates how the Saints in every age have made due allowance



(Continued on page 344)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Deseret News Wins Third National Award in Three Years From Food Industry



"Food Is Fun" feature again wins top award for outstanding presentation of food news

The Deseret News was one of six American newspapers to win the 1952 Distinguished Service Award of the American Dairy Association for outstanding excellence in the presentation of food news featuring dairy products.

It is the third such award presented to the Deseret News. The other two being awarded by the American Meat Institute in 1949 and 1951.

The award-winning feature is the popular Deseret News column "Food Is Fun" by Winnifred C. Jardine.

For helpful meal planning and greater variety in your servings, read "Food Is Fun" daily in the Deseret News.

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THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 342)
for the dealings of God with all humanity and refused to regard their own limited experience as the only measure of divine providence among men.

In 1898 a farmer grubbing up stumps near the town of Alexandria, Minnesota, turned up a stone slab containing what appeared to be an ancient Runic inscription. Like the Book of Mormon the thing was promptly denounced as a fraud, and the universal consensus of the experts heaped scorn upon the clumsy forgery for forty years. But now it transpires that the Kensington Stone,

as it is called, is no fake but very probably the genuine article. (So much for the authority of scholarship!)sm The inscription tells us of bands of Norsemen wandering about in the Middle West at least 130 years before Columbus. Whether true or not, does the Book of Mormon have any objection? Of course not. The Kensington Stone also tells us that these Norsemen suffered a grim and bloody end—quite in keeping, in fact, with the Book of Mormon pattern. We offer this as a test case: for once we have admitted that all pre-Columbian remains do not have

(Continued on page 346)

On Being Better...

RICHARD L. EVANS

NO DOUBT most of us are aware of things we should like to alter—in our own lives, in the lives of others, and in the whole outlook of events; and often we are kept going by our faith and hope that there will come a time when things will be better. Often we look or wish for a time when we ourselves shall be better, when we shall be personally improved, when our affairs will be in better order, when we shall do and be and act more as we would want to be. But when we are dissatisfied with ourselves or with circumstances, or when we aren't making progress along our intended path, our hope should be more than merely hope. Sometimes we hope to have more friends, but the kind of friends we would hope to have come from being the kind of friend we would wish others were. We may hope for our debts to be paid. But debts don't dissolve themselves by piling more debts upon them, or by leaving them as they are. We have no real reason to hope for debts to disappear or for conditions to be better if we do nothing to make them better. Sometimes we are carried toward consequences beyond our control by uninvited events that take us where we wouldn't choose to go. But we don't always have to accept ourselves or circumstances outside ourselves as they are. There are many day-to-day decisions which we can in a measure make and must make which would give us more real reason to hope for a finer future. And it should be said again and again that we shall not suddenly become something we are not. The building process, personal progress and improvement, and the power to do better and be better, just don't suddenly come without effort. The only way to repent is to repent. The only way to improve is to improve. The only way to be what we want to be is to begin to be what we want to be. We cannot alter the trend of the past or improve upon the present simply by sitting as we are or by continuing down a wrong road.

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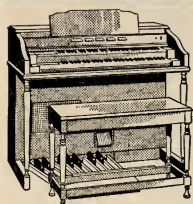
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THE WORLD OF THE JAREDITES

(Continued from page 344)

to belong to Book of Mormon people, the field is clear to the anthropologist; and the problem of the Book of Mormon archaeologist, when such appears, will be to find in America things that might have some bearing on the Book of Mormon, *not* to prove that anything and everything that turns up is certain evidence for that book. This obvious fact I pointed out in an article in *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* of April, 1947.

There is not a word in the Book of Mormon to prevent the coming to this hemisphere of any number of people from any part of the world at any time, provided only that they come with the direction of the Lord; and even this requirement must not be too strictly interpreted, for the people of Zarahemla "... had brought no records with them; and they denied the being of their Creator ..." (Omni 17), i.e., they were anything but a religious colony. No one would deny that anciently "this land" was kept "... from the knowledge of other nations ..." (II Nephi 1:8), but that does not mean that it was kept empty of inhabitants, but only that migration was in one direction—from the Old World to the New; for even as Lehi was uttering the words just quoted, the Jaredites were swarming in the east,

and the old man refers to others yet to come, "... all those who should be led out of other countries by the hand of the Lord." Must we look for all those in the Book of Mormon?

(To be continued)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

²²⁰*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith (Deseret News Press, 1938), p. 320.

²²¹Quoted in N. B. Lundwall, *Temples of the Most High* (Salt Lake City, 1941), p. 301, from *Journal of Discourses* III, 367f.

²²²Joseph Fielding Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 331.

²²³*Ibid.*, p. 348.

²²⁴Examples of mimation may be found in W. F. Albright, *The Vocalization of Egyptian Syllabic Orthography* (New Haven: Am. Or. Soc., 1934), 7f, 14f, etc.

²²⁵"They flee to the mountains," is the Assyrian formula, e.g., Luckenhill, *Anc. Rec. I*, p. 79. "Upon leaving Balach," says Marco Polo, *Travels I*, xxiii, "... you traverse a country that is destitute of every sign of habitation, the people having all fled to strong places in the mountains, in order to secure themselves against the predatory attack of lawless marauders, by whom these districts are overrun." In the flat regions of the north "everyone tried to escape into the woods," at the approach of the hordes, Vladimirtsov, *Chingis-Khan*, p. 19.

²²⁶R. Grousset, *L'Asie Orientale*, p. 305.

²²⁷M. Cable, *The Gobi Desert*, p. 278.

²²⁸*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 267.

²²⁹Origen, *Peri Archon*, in *Patrol. Graec.*

²³⁰For a complete account of the Kensington Stone, see S. N. Hagen, "The Kensington Runic Inscription," *Speculum* XXV (1950), 321ff.

ON THE BOOKRACK

(Concluded from page 334)

WHALER 'ROUND THE HORN

(Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1950. 244 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS author can always be counted on to tell a good story with clean, courageous action mixed in. The author states in his foreword: "In *Whaler 'Round the Horn* I have tried to catch the thrill of whaling and the magic of the Pacific islands with no attempt at the impossible task of rivaling Melville. It is my hope that many of the teen-agers who read my story will be led to a fuller enjoyment of *Moby Dick* and *Typee* as they grow older." That in itself can serve as the review of this exciting story.—M. C. J.

UNUSED ALIBIS

(Edited by Philip Henry Lotz. Association Press, New York. 1951. 120 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS is a series of brief biographies of sixteen people who could easily have produced "alibis" for failure because of handicaps. Their stories will afford challenging reading to old and young alike. They dared to think that they could accomplish something in spite of their seemingly overwhelming handicaps. And they did accomplish things—much to the edification and stimulation of all who read about them, as well as some embarrassment for the fact that most of us accomplish so little when we have so much we could do with.—M. C. J.



What Can I Do to Give My Child Good Teeth?

(Continued from page 319)

much faster but are also able to manufacture acid at a much greater speed. Therefore, in order to prevent the formation of new cavities in the teeth, these foods should be eliminated from the diet, or used in moderation. If these carbohydrates are removed, the acid-producing bacteria do not have sufficient food upon which to live and multiply. When we take refined carbohydrates out of the diet, we experience a great reduction or total absence of these acid-forming bacteria in the saliva. The result is a reduction or absence of future cavities forming in the teeth. However, there are many factors involved with tooth decay; we must not limit our consideration to diet alone. We could hardly expect to eliminate decay-producing bacteria from the mouth as long as we leave open cavities in any of the teeth, for these cavities become incubators to keep a steady supply of bacteria growing. For the same reason, it is highly important that the fillings your dentist puts in are properly shaped and thoroughly polished in order that there are no rough margins to harbor colonies of bacteria. It is estimated that dental decay in the mouths of children can be reduced as much as forty percent by having the dentist properly apply sodium fluoride treatments. The dentist can also determine susceptibility or immunity to dental decay by making a saliva test.

Another rather common cause of enamel being dissolved from the teeth, especially along the gum line, is from the use of lemons, either by sucking lemons or the common practice of drinking a glass of hot water each morning to which has been added the juice of a lemon or two. The acid in the lemon juice will definitely dissolve tooth structure. It should be followed by other food or by mouth washing. Grapefruit juice will also dissolve enamel; however, the acid in ripe oranges is not sufficiently strong to be considered detrimental. The fruit acids which tend to destroy tooth enamel are also widely used in the manufacture of commercial soft drinks.

The patient can do much to—
(Concluded on following page)



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WHAT CAN I DO TO GIVE MY CHILD GOOD TEETH?

(Concluded from preceding page)
ward the prevention of tooth decay through home care by:

1. Properly brushing teeth and maintaining a healthy mouth.
2. Avoiding use of refined carbohydrates.
3. Taking precaution against citrus juices coming in contact with the teeth for any longer time than necessary. Especially do not brush the teeth with lemon juice. If grapefruit is eaten for breakfast

with no other food following, the teeth should be brushed as soon as possible.

4. Eating good wholesome food as provided by nature, rather than the processed foods that are so common on today's market shelves.
5. Avoiding emotional disturbances, especially at mealtime. A happy child, growing up in a congenial home where cooperation, love, and kindness abound, is indeed fortunate.

"Part-way" People

RICHARD L. EVANS

IF WE were to take an inventory of the things that people start and prematurely stop, it would no doubt add up to an appallingly long list. There are so many once-promising projects and personal pursuits that have been abandoned—like roads that start to go somewhere, but fade out before they arrive anywhere. One reason is lack of solid plan and purpose in the first place; and another is failure to follow through. The first fresh enthusiasm for a new thing so often fails when the newness and the novelty give way to routine duty and drudgery. Sometimes, of course, there are real reasons why people can't follow through—misfortunes, illness, miscalculation, and unforeseen circumstances. And sometimes when people have set out on a wrong road, they shouldn't follow through. When a mistake has been made, it is better to stop than stubbornly persist on a wrong road. But after taking into account all the cases where projects once started should be set aside, it is still tragically true that one of the most frequent factors of failure is the failure to follow through: to start too many things and not stay with them; to fail to meet commitments; to be only partly dependable; to be a "part-way" person—a person that can almost be counted upon, but not quite completely. With a "part-way" person we always have to worry and wonder if this is the time when he will fail to find it convenient to do what he has agreed to do or to go where he has agreed to go. In the ultimate outcome, there is a great deal of difference in the confidence and importance of position that can be entrusted to the person who follows through as compared with the unpredictable, undependable, "part-way" person who starts many fine things and finishes few. Being where one should be when he should be there, doing what one should do when he should do it, seeing a good purpose to its completion are surpassing and richly rewarding qualities of character. And surely when we stand before him who is the Judge of us all, and by whom our performance will be appraised, there will be a much different measure meted out to him who endures to the end than to him who fails to follow through.

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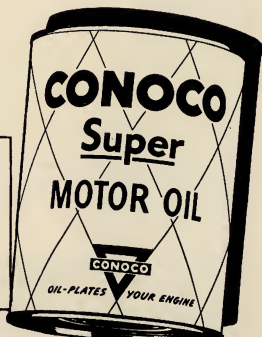
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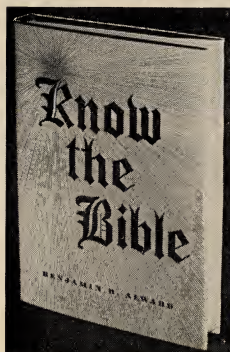


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The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 304)
counselor in the stake presidency. Wards now in South Davis Stake are Bountiful Fourth, Bountiful Seventh, South Bountiful, Val Verda, and Orchard wards.

26 It was announced that 3836 persons were baptized into the Church by the stake missionaries during the year 1951. During the same period through the efforts of stake missionaries, 5356 inactive members were brought back to Church activity.

29 Scout troops and posts in the Church have increased 139 during the past year, according to word received from New York by D. L. Roberts, national director of the Mormon Relationships Service. The Church now has a total of 2609 units registered in the program. Of these, 1492 are Scout troops and 889 Explorer posts.

Transfer of the ownership of the blanket factory of the Utah Woolen Mills, Murray, Utah, was made to the Church. In charge of the operation of the plant is a sub-committee named by the Church welfare committee. While use of the plant is under study, the whole purpose of the enterprise will be to serve the welfare needs of the Church.

Lonely Sentinel

(Concluded from page 320)
wheat was to be wrenched from the stubborn alkali soil.

The scourge of grasshoppers, prairie dogs, and rabbits took their daily toll of growing foodstuffs so necessary for the survival of the colonists. There was constant privation and death from malarial fever.

With the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad under construction across Arizona, many became disheartened at continuous failures and found employment with the railroad company.

Shortly afterwards the little settlements along the Little Colorado were disbanded. Only Joseph City remained.

The struggle of Brigham City was ended . . . today all but forgotten, the ruins marked by a part of the levee where the dam was built—the course of the irrigation ditch only faintly outlined. Of the fort, only a few rocks remain to show the site.

And in the desert stillness, where once long ago people suffered and laughed and hoped and played, no sound can be heard save for the crying of the wind in the mesquite and sage.

Sabine's Victory

(Continued from page 330)

pain. Huge blisters marked the creases between thumb and forefinger, and smaller wounds blossomed at the roots of the other fingers.

She lifted her eyes and surveyed the closer shore, wondering if she could make a landing. Only one small beach broke the cliffline, and after studying it she rejected it with a shake of her golden head. There was no shelter for the dory, and it would be pounded to splinters. To the village she must return, and leave the boat where she had found it. There her responsibility would end.

As she slowly rowed back to the harbor, she hardly cared if she were to be overtaken by the tidal wave. She did not glance back, but plodded forward with steady, methodical rhythm. For a time she burned with smoldering anger, until killing weariness quenched the flame.

The long spring evening had deepened into night when she at last reached the village. Carefully she tied the dory to its running line. Then she stumbled up the beach toward the schoolhouse.

The boardwalk was deserted. All was dark. Only the windows of the school glowed with light, a beacon of refuge. As she plodded up the slope, her shoulders were bent with exhaustion. Her hands burned with pain, and when she straightened her fingers the clotted blood broke free and oozed stickily out of the raw blisters.

The schoolhouse yard was knotted with clusters of men who chatted in low tones. Sabine's eyes swept them at a glance, caught sight of her father and Tommie McNeil standing near the doorway.

"What happened to the tidal wave?" she asked in a voice that was toneless from her ordeal.

"False alarm," Tommie replied. "The wave started off the Aleutians, and headed south instead of spreading in this direction. But everyone is staying up here, just to be on the safe side."

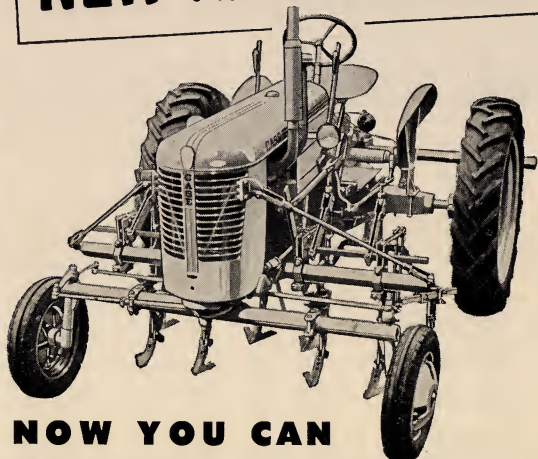
Sabine nodded her head wordlessly.

"The correction came in right after the alarm," her father added. "The operator missed it 'cause he was out warning the village."

Both men eyed her questioningly but asked nothing. Sabine stepped

(Continued on following page)

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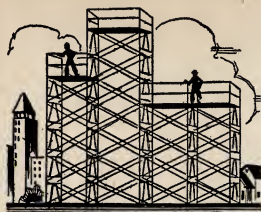
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SABINE'S VICTORY

(Continued from preceding page)

past them and into the light of the schoolhouse. She paused in the doorway to get her bearings. From the room at the end of the hall came sounds of music, and there was constant movement and gaiety.

She paced the hall, glancing into each open door. Most of the rooms were dark, peopled by villagers sleep-

ing amidst a welter of their most valued possessions. When she came to a lighted room, she entered. The few patients evacuated from the hospital rested easily on comfortable beds. The doctor and nurse bent over an invalid, while in a corner Luke Eaton was soothing a restless child.

He glanced up when she entered

...Balance...

RICHARD L. EVANS

WE OFTEN hear of people defeated by adverse physical factors, of failures caused by cruel climates, of storms that take their toll, and of all manner of material obstacles that cause failures among men. But the most perplexing problems in the world aren't the problems of the outside elements. The most perplexing problems are the problems of people—problems of mind and heart and spirit. (More men have been cut down by unkindness than have ever been cut down by cruel climates.) One of our greatest problems is that we have made much more progress with things than we have with people and principles, that we exercise more control over outside physical forces than we exercise over ourselves. One of the greatest problems of the age is to bring the manners and morals of men in balance with the material things that men have made. Increasingly, we seem to amaze ourselves with our ever-widening knowledge of unknown areas. Our physical powers have exceeded any known period of the past, and yet to the degree to which our spiritual perception and prayerful appreciation fail to keep pace with our physical powers, it is apparent that we are digging at our own destruction. In material matters we may gain much, but without moral balance and spiritual strength we may lose much more: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Without kindness and consideration, cleanliness of life and thought, decency and restraint, and recognition of the rights and dignity of every individual—without keeping the commandments—we shall find ourselves reaching for things that canker when we clasp them, and running for places that aren't worth arriving at. We shall find that the fruits and the sweets we reach for shall have lost their sweetness and their savor when we seek them inordinately. Always and ever we must remind ourselves that in going so far in physical factors we must go fully as far in sustaining the morals and manners of men, in matching material matters with the saving inner qualities of character, and keeping the commandments of Him who gave us all we have, and who, if we will, would help us be much better and happier than we are.

¹Matthew 16:26.

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the room, then came to her with a question in his look. She lifted her hands, and turned them palm upward.

"Could you bandage these for me?" Her voice was almost a whisper in deference to the sickness under her.

His face softened momentarily, then he answered in a tone as calm as her own,

"Of course. Wait a minute. I'll get some warm water and my First Aid kit."

There was laughter in the hallway, and Sabine glanced idly in that direction. Ace and Lola came from the room where there was dancing, walking arm in arm. When they caught sight of Sabine they hesitated, momentarily framed in the doorway.

Sabine looked at them levelly. She felt a tiny shock of surprise, when she realized that Ace's handsome face seemed childish, his easy changes of mood a mark of immaturity. Now he grinned with embarrassment, and his diffident laugh was almost a giggle.

"I'm free," Sabine exulted to herself. "There is no magic in him for me any more. The torch has gone out."

She straightened her shoulders and lifted her head proudly, so that her shining braids encircled her head like a crown. She turned to Luke Eaton, so flushed with freedom and self-respect that she did not see the admiration that glowed in his approving eyes.

I HAVE KNOWN YOU

By Lael W. Hill

You were the white rock where I spun my magic,
Subject to summertime's enchanted ray;
You were the clear stream down the eternal mountain—
You were the mystic shadow in its pool.

You were the green-gray juniper at skyline,
Twisted and bent and beautiful with years.
You were the pale mist drifting in the canyon. . . .

I, who have felt your moods and seen your tears,
Now recognize the abiding strength and beauty,
The courage and bright love that bear you high
Like wings . . . till I can reach you only
With poems that I breathe into your sky.

Yet, having known the spirit of you elsewhere,
Surely I shall remember ever after
Your hopeful face turned always toward new mornings—
Your low, cool voice—your breathless, lovely laughter.

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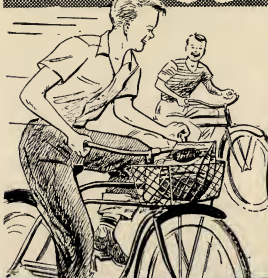


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Melchizedek Priesthood

Duty of Melchizedek Priesthood Quorum Presidents to Teach Quorum Members to Live the Gospel

ONE of the principal duties of the members of Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies is to teach quorum members to obey the gospel of Jesus Christ in every detail. No quorum presidency has done its job sufficiently well and can feel completely justified in the sight of God as long as there remains one member of that quorum who is not living in harmony with all of the commandments that God has given to the Church. It is and always has been the responsibility of quorum presidents to work faithfully and diligently with even the most wayward priesthood holders under their jurisdiction, remembering at all times the Savior's parable of "the Lost Sheep" and other similar injunctions given by the Lord. Quorum presidents should do this for the purpose of helping all holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood to endeavor to achieve the goal set by Jesus: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.)

Therefore, the Church Melchizedek Priesthood committee emphatically urges quorum presidencies to work untiringly with the less active members of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums and to continue to do so until every holder of the Holy Priesthood becomes active in the Church and renders obedience to all of God's laws. Under those conditions quorum presidents can expect to receive the Savior's approbation of "Well done, my good and faithful servants."

The following suggestions should prove helpful to quorum presidencies in their efforts to achieve the foregoing goal: First, every quorum president is morally obligated to the Lord and to the quorum members over whom he presides to set a proper example by keeping all of God's commandments; second, all less active quorum members should be visited often and worked with by quorum presidents—or others whom they designate—with the purpose in mind

of getting all quorum members active in the Church; and third, sufficient time should be devoted in quorum meetings throughout the year to teach all quorum members the vital necessity of paying tithes and offerings to the Lord in full, of obeying the Word of Wisdom, of keeping the Sabbath day holy, of keeping themselves morally clean, of being honest, just, kind, and honorable Christians, and, in general, of living in harmony with all of the commandments that Jesus Christ has given to the Church.

There are still many quorum members throughout the Church who are falling short in their efforts to keep the commandments of God. Your own records will indicate those who are keeping the commandments and those who are failing to do so. You are reminded, however, that some of the brethren fail to pay their tithes and offerings to the Lord. Others do not observe the Sabbath day properly. Some fail to attend sacrament meetings, priesthood meetings, conference sessions, and other services which the Lord through revelation established in the Church with the commandment that priesthood members attend. Some of the brethren fail to hold family prayers and others indulge in the use of liquor, tobacco, tea, and coffee, and thereby defile their bodies, which Paul claimed are "tabernacles of God." A few may even break the laws of chastity while others do a certain amount of lying and stealing. Many of them forget to render obedience to God's first and second great commandments; i. e., to "love the Lord their God with all their hearts, might, mind, and strength. . . . And to love their neighbors as themselves." (See Matt. 22:37-39.) Thus, much work needs to be done with the less faithful priesthood members if we as a people ever expect to build as righteous a kingdom as God expects the Saints to build.

When quorum presidencies meditate upon the importance of priest-

hood in the plan of salvation and the promises offered to holders of the same if they will magnify that priesthood, the significance of working with every member of their quorums until they are all faithfully living every gospel doctrine, law, and precept is clearly brought to their minds.

Holders of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood are endowed with the greatest power known to man. In fact, they possess the most important of the gifts that God can bestow upon his children here on this earth. It is through the power of the priesthood that the ordinances of the gospel are made effective in this life and binding throughout the eternities; and it is through the ordinances of the priesthood that husbands, wives, and children are sealed together in blessed family units for all eternity. Thus it is only by and through the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood that exaltation can be attained in the celestial realms. (D. & C. 131:1-3.)

Merely having the priesthood is not sufficient to guarantee its holders exaltation or eternal life. In addition to holding the priesthood and being recipients of its holy ordinances, it is necessary for each quorum member to keep all the commandments sufficiently well so that Jesus Christ, the Great Judge, will declare that his exaltation is assured.

According to a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in September 1832, all those who receive the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood receive it with "an oath and covenant." The covenant is that they will "... give diligent heed to the words of eternal life." The Lord God hath declared: "For you shall live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God." (*Ibid.*, 84:43-44.) In other words, when men receive the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood they enter into a covenant with God that they will be diligent in their efforts to magnify their callings in that priesthood and earnestly strive to the best

of their abilities to keep every one of his commandments.

On the other hand, God's part of this covenant, which he seals with an oath, is that if priesthood holders keep all of the commandments and magnify their priesthood to the best of their abilities, Jesus Christ declared:

... all that my father hath shall be given unto him.

And this is according to the oath and covenant which belongeth to the priesthood.

Therefore, all those who receive the priesthood, receive this oath and covenant

from my Father, which he cannot break, neither can it be moved. (*Ibid.*, 84:38-40.)

Dreadful consequences await priesthood holders who do not live in accordance with the oath and covenant of the priesthood. These are the words of the Lord in regard to such persons:

But whosoever breaketh this covenant after he hath received it, and altogether turned therefrom, shall not have forgiveness of sins in this world nor in the world to come. (*Ibid.*, 84:41.)

Sufficient explanation has been given in this short article to point out thoroughly the vital need for

all less-active and less-faithful quorum members to be taught by the quorum presidents to keep the commandments that they may be "... a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; ..." (1 Peter 2:9.) Thus the Church Melchizedek Priesthood committee strongly urges presidents of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums to go forward and magnify their callings to the best of their abilities in helping every individual member of their quorums to become a true Latter-day Saint and to "... live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God."

Tobacco Smoking and Cancer

by Henry J. Nickoles, Ph.D.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

MANY chemicals are known which, when applied to the skin or other tissues of living animals, will be followed by the appearance of cancer tissue in many instances, though not always. Such chemicals are known as carcinogens or carcinogenic agents. Cancers were produced experimentally by the Japanese scientists Yamagiwa and Ichikawa in 1915 when they painted coal tar distillate on the ear skin of rabbits, but it was almost twenty years later that Dr. J. W. Cook and others succeeded in identifying the chemical responsible for the carcinogenic action of the coal tar distillate, namely 1, 2-benzpyrene, which they found to be present to the extent of only three parts per one hundred thousand parts of distillate.¹

During the years which have followed, other chemical compounds, some synthesized in chemical laboratories and some isolated from naturally-occurring materials, have been found to be carcinogenic, of greater or lesser potency.² In the course of these studies, several facts have been discovered. Not all applications of a carcinogen to a tissue known to be susceptible are followed by the development of cancer.^{3,4} Some carcinogens are more potent than others.⁵ There is considerable evidence that some families or strains of a species of animal are more susceptible to any one carcinogen than are other

families or strains. Susceptibility to induce cancer is probably inherited by some animals.⁶ To summarize, there are at least three factors involved in the induction of cancer by the use of carcinogenic agents: (1) The nature (potency) of the carcinogen (in comparison with other carcinogens); (2) the dose (quantity of chemical to which a given mass of tissue is subjected); (3) the susceptibility of the individual (or its tissue) to the carcinogen (or, as it is sometimes stated, the resistance of the animal or tissue). The third factor may be due partly to inheritance and partly to the health of the animal or tissue at the time of application of the carcinogen.

These same three factors are involved in the consideration of the harmful effects which any substance may have on any living creature, whether the substance be morphine, nicotine, alcohol, caffeine, or any other.

Whenever the carcinogenic action of a substance is studied, it is advisable to employ large numbers of experimental animals, and also to administer the suspected carcinogen in different ways. Recently, a chemical known as 1, 2-benzanthracene, long believed to be non-carcinogenic, was proved to be carcinogenic after applications of it were made under the skins of a very large number of mice, which were kept under observation

a much longer time than in previous experiments.⁷ Of course, the comparative carcinogenic activity of this chemical was found to be very much less than that of most other carcinogens, but its application was followed by cancer development in a significant number of mice. The question may be raised: How much longer may the list of carcinogenic chemicals be made if more extensive studies are made on larger populations for longer periods of time than have been characteristic of previous studies?

Before turning to the subject of tobacco and cancer, it is well to point out another important fact about animal experimentation. In many respects mice and men are similar, both in construction and function, but in other respects they are quite different. Whenever it is felt desirable to apply the results of experimentation on laboratory animals to the welfare of mankind, the question must always be raised: In this instance, is it safe to assume that humans and the species of laboratory animal used are comparable? In the last analysis, the experiment would have to be conducted with humans. Directed experimentation with humans, however, is associated with a great many problems; therefore, a great deal of what is assumed to be true about the functions of humans is based upon studies made when opportunity arose, particularly in clinics and hospitals. The information obtained from such studies is analyzed by statistical methods, and the conclusions derived are likely to be most reliable and valid when the data has come from large numbers of people,

(Continued on page 360)



President David O. McKay

WARD TEACHING— an Important Calling

(The following address by President David O. McKay, delivered during general conference in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, October 7, 1916, is published here for the instruction, inspiration, and blessing of the membership of the Church generally, and of ward teachers specifically, in the interest of ward teaching. The message is crisp and timely, as though it had been delivered only yesterday to answer today's need in ward teaching.)

AT THIS moment there is just one supreme wish in my heart, and it is this: That the divine feeling experienced by all present this afternoon (in conference) might be felt in every home and in every heart throughout the Church. I rejoice that the Lord in his wisdom has so organized his Church that this wish might, at least in a measure be fulfilled. As that thought came to me, just a moment ago, I saw in my mind's eye an army of approximately twenty thousand men on whom rests the great responsibility of carrying the gospel message of peace to every fire-side throughout Zion. Those who comprise this army are the ward teachers.

I never contemplate the organization of this Church even the least degree without being impressed with the divinity of the work. I cannot see, for my life, why every honest man in the world, who gives even but little thought to this great organization and the opportunities it offers for producing men and women of character, cannot get a testimony, even by reason and observation, of the divinity of the Church of Christ as established in this latter day. Why, the stamp of divinity is upon every feature of the work! All who labor sincerely in it can truthfully say that if any man

will do the will of the Father he will know for himself whether the doctrine is of God or whether it is of man.

These twenty thousand men mentioned comprise only a very small portion—an important portion, however—of the work of the ministry.

It is said in Ephesians, fourth chapter, that Christ gave some, evangelists, and some, pastors and teachers, "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. (Eph. 4:12.) The teachers in the Church, holding the Holy Priesthood, have devolving upon them the great responsibility of *perfecting the Saints and of edifying the body of Christ*; therefore, I think it is not too much to say that it is their duty to carry into every home just such a divine spirit as we have experienced here in these sessions of conference. No greater responsibility can rest upon any man than to be a teacher of God's children.

When Paul said good-bye to the churches in Asia, knowing that he would never again come back to those branches among which he had labored so incessantly and diligently for several years, he called the elders of Ephesus to him one day, over at Miletus. He did not go over to the Church where he had recently spent nearly three years, because he wanted

to hasten to Jerusalem; but he could not pass them without saying good-bye. He sent word to them to meet him at the town of Miletus, where he gave them instructions. You remember that among other things he said: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." (Acts 20:28-29.) The admonition to these men—and among them were bishops, for the word that is interpreted there "overseers" is used in another place as bishops—was to take heed unto *themselves* first and then to the people over whom they presided. Associated with those bishops were elders, just as we have them in the Church. That same admonition is applicable to the elders today, who are presiding over the Church as ward teachers. Some of them feel that their calling is of little importance, that there is not much dignity attached to it, when the fact is there is no more important work in the Church. We cannot say of any one calling in the Church, that it is more important than another, because all are devoted to the development, to the

Bishoprie's Pages



Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

instruction, to the salvation of God's children. So it is with the calling of teacher; but if there be any preference given, because of superior advantages in winning these people to salvation, it will go to those men holding the priesthood of God, who come in direct contact with the individual members of the Church. The duty, however, of each man who has accepted his calling is first to take heed unto himself.

The other day it was my privilege to drive through the fields in my old home town. I passed through two farms up near the mountain canal. I saw one that had yielded an exceptionally good crop of oats. Notwithstanding the drought, the cold in the spring, and other disadvantages, the farmer had threshed an excellent yield. Just over the fence was another oat field, but a failure, comparatively speaking. I said to the man: "Why, what is the matter? You must have planted poor seed."

"No, it is the same seed that my neighbor has."

"Well, then, it was planted too late, and you did not have enough moisture in the ground to bring it up."

"It was sown the same afternoon that he sowed his."

Upon further inquiry, I learned that the first man had plowed his field in the fall; then he had disked it carefully in the spring, making a mulch on the surface, and by such tilling had conserved the moisture of the winter. His neighbor, on the other hand, had plowed his late in the spring, had left the furrows unharrowed; the moisture had evaporated. Following the sowing of the seed came from four to six weeks of drought, and there was not sufficient moisture to germinate the seed. The first man had made preparation, the proper kind of preparation, and nature yielded the increase. The second man labored hard, but his preparation was poor; indeed he had made inadequate preparation.

I now can picture in my mind twelve thousand divisions that may be compared in a way to these two fields. In each one is found—not

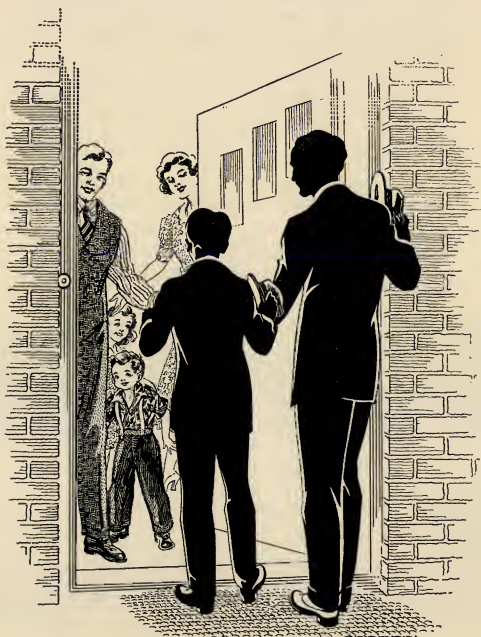
oats, not wheat, not grasses, not things that perish—but living beings as eternal as the Father himself. Over each of these divisions in God's great garden have been placed overseers called teachers, and they are asked to nourish and to inspire God's children. I venture the thought that the Great Gardener in looking over his fields can see some that are thriving in righteous activity and others are starving because of the drought of neglected duty, of the chilling atmosphere of vanity, or the blight of intemperance. Why? Perhaps because the gardeners, the overseers, had not made necessary preparations or had not performed their duty well.

The first thing to do, my brethren, is to look to yourselves, to see whether or not you are prepared to teach. No man can teach that which he himself does not know. It is your duty

to teach that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that to him in this last dispensation there appeared God the Father and his Son in person. Do you believe it? Do you feel it? Does that testimony radiate from your being when you enter into a home? If so, that radiation will give life to the people whom you go to teach. If not, there will be a dearth, a drought, a lack of that spiritual environment in which the Saints grow.

Second, is your heart free from backbiting, from faultfinding, from hard feelings one to another? It is your duty to see that there is no backbiting, that there is no iniquity existing in the Church. You can teach effectively only that which you yourselves feel. Part of the preparation of a teacher consists in freeing

(Continued on following page)



WARD TEACHING AN IMPORTANT CALLING

(Continued from preceding page)

his own heart from those things. In doing so, follow the advice of one good writer who says:

"In the very depths of your soul dig a grave; let it be as some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in the eternal silence bury the wrongs which you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a load had fallen from it and a divine peace come to abide with you." With that divine peace in your soul go into the homes and teach the people.

But that condition is but the beginning. Three other things should be kept in mind for thorough preparation. The first is a *knowledge of those whom you are to teach*; the second, a *knowledge of what you are to teach*; and third, a *knowledge*, as much as may be obtained at least by thoughtful consideration and prayer, of *how you are going to teach*.

Whom To Teach

I have never understood just why we have limited our duties of teach-

ing to a visit once a month. A visit is not teaching. Reading the outline as prepared by the bishop or the high council is not teaching. Just repeating some passages of scripture, or merely the telling of something to the members of the family in a home is not teaching. Teaching is the awakening of thought in the minds of those whom we visit and the convincing of their souls of the truth of the message that you bring to them. There must be giving and receiving, a reciprocal condition. How necessary it is, then, to know those whom we teach! No two families in any district are alike. I call to mind now one group of six families, one member of which is a patriarch in the Church, living in the sunset of a faithful life with his daughter, a teacher in the public schools, and a granddaughter, a student in high school. On the same block next to him reside a young couple who have but recently joined the Church. The girl had grown up in our communities, but she had not joined the Church until recently. Two of their little children are also baptized. Across the street reside a widow and her daughter, the daughter a typist in one of the business offices of the city, and the other three families present conditions just as varying. Brethren, the message, and particularly the manner of presenting that message might not be the same when given to one who had spent his life in faithful labor in the Church, as when given to those who are newly converted. As each family is different from another, so each individual in the family differs from others, and so our messages and our methods, particularly our methods of presentation, might vary. I cite this just to impress us with this thought, that it is our duty to know those whom we are going to teach. That is one reason, I think, why the Lord says: "It is the duty of the teacher to watch over the Church always—" not just once a month but always a teacher—there is no hour in the day when you are free from that responsibility. There is no day in the week when you are free, and when you should not feel it your duty to do something, if possible, to make that group of members in the Church better and happier.

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What and How To Teach

What you are to teach is the gospel of Jesus Christ. When the bishop gives you any special message—tithing, for example, study that principle, first by “taking heed unto yourself” to see if you can teach it consistently. If it be prayer, “take heed unto yourself” in regard to prayer. Do you get down on your knees before you go out to teach that message? Do you study some boy who is a little questionable in his life to know just what attitude he will take towards prayer? Do you pray for God to inspire you to say something to lead such a one to see the necessity for prayer?

O teachers, yours is an important calling! God help you to be true to it, to feel that part of the responsibility of carrying on God's work rests upon you.

Importance of Example

Even after you have studied your groups as hinted at here, and presented your message in the most effective manner you are capable of, your duty is not ended. President [Anthon H.] Lund, I think, referred to the light attendance at some of our sacrament meetings. You carry the responsibility, teachers, of seeing to it that members of the Church attend sacrament meeting. How can you teach that duty effectively unless you yourself be present, that you may be able intelligently to commend those in your district who are in attendance, and to teach those who are absent?

A Word To Bishops

Just a word to the bishops: I believe that teaching will be more effective in the Church if you will call your priesthood to you and point out to them in meeting, after prayer, in humility, what it means for them to go out from house to house as representatives. Don't just call them somewhat indifferently from the pulpit, and make an assignment in an indefinite way; but rather, there in your bishop's meeting tell them individually what it means to be a teacher, ask them if they will stand by you in your efforts to uphold the standards of the Church. When you have occasion to release them, do it in a dignified and honorable manner, by telling them how you appreciate what they have done, and why they are at present released.

Conclusion

I bear you my testimony that this is the work of God. I know it, I know it! I know that God will help us in this work. I know that he is with us, if we will but call upon him and ask him to direct us, if we will live so that he can. He sometimes prompts us, and we go on headlong without heeding the prompting; but he is near to help us. I know that the happiest time of our lives is when we are devoted to this work. God

help us to be true to it while we are in this life. There is only one life, and we shall pass through this probationary state but once:

Not many lives, but only one have we! One—only one.

How precious should that one life ever be! Day after day filled up with precious toil, Hour after hour bringing in new spoil.

May God guide us day after day and hour after hour in the great work of teaching, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



STAINLESS STATUE. In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown stands this 20-foot statue of Sun Yat-sen, renowned scholar and first president of the Chinese Republic. Head, hands and pedestal of the statue are of rose granite, but for the statesman's flowing robes, the sculptor, Beniamino Bufano, used Stainless Steel. After 14 years, time and weather have left no marks on the shining metal. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



UNITED STATES STEEL

TOBACCO SMOKING AND CANCER

(Continued from page 355)

observed over long periods of time, than otherwise.

The careful application of statistical methods to the data obtained in clinical observations has led several physicians, independently, to some interesting conclusions about tobacco smoking and cancer. Some of these are presented in the "Cancer Bulletin" of the M. D. Anderson Hospital.*

Drs. E. L. Wynder and E. A. Graham have observed that lung cancer in many American hospitals is the most frequent visceral cancer of males. This same observation has been made in several hospitals in England and Germany. Of 650 patients with epidermoid and undifferentiated carcinoma of the lung, studied at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, there were only ten non-smokers. Over ninety percent of patients with these types of lung cancer smoked cigarettes; this value is far greater than the percentage of cigarette smokers in the general hospital population.*

During 1949-1950, at Barnes Hospital, for every woman with lung cancer, 18 men died of the disease. Similar ratios have been observed elsewhere and have been interpreted by some authors to suggest that cigarette smoking would not cause

cancer, because women also smoke. Wynder and Graham, however, point out that 95 percent of their lung cancer patients have smoked for 20 years or more, and that 85 percent have smoked for at least 30 years. Relatively few American women have smoked that long.*

These findings fall in line with the discovery that some substances prove to be carcinogenic if applied to tissues over a long enough period of time at intervals, or if a long time elapses after one or a few applications. For example, the chemical known as chrysene did not produce cancer in any mouse until after 349 days following the initial application,* which period of time in the life span of a mouse is equivalent to thirty years in the life span of a human.

Dr. W. L. Watson, of New York, also presented interesting data (he presented this at the international cancer meetings in Paris in 1950)** regarding a series of 100 patients at Memorial Hospital. Of male patients with lung cancer 37 percent were heavy smokers; among a control series (that is, without cancer)** only 19 percent were heavy smokers.*

*Note: Statements in parentheses in this quotation are comments by Dr. Nicholes.

Levine, in a study of the records of several thousand patients, likewise found a positive correlation between the use of cigarettes and lung cancer.*

These statements are in line with observations which show that individuals differ in susceptibility to exposure to one chemical or another even when other factors seem to be approximately equal. It must also be pointed out that there are other possible inducers of lung cancer than tobacco smoking, and that simply because a person has never smoked tobacco, or for that matter has seldom inhaled any irritant whatsoever, it cannot be guaranteed that that person will never get a cancer of the lung. Neither can anyone foretell the occurrence of lung cancer in a moderate or heavy smoker of tobacco. As the reference makes clear:

These studies are not definitive, but they are strongly suggestive. Certainly, they imply that carcinogenic substances, if they exist in tobacco, must be removed. Pending that eventually, one might recommend that the public become more moderate in its smoking habit. An interesting fact of the subject is that several persons who

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Tour Guide Alma P. Burton (right) points out itinerary of tour to President Ernest L. Wilkinson. All important Church History points of interest between Utah and Vermont are included.

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P R O V O * U T A H

have scrutinized the material carefully have quit smoking—including the author of this article.⁹

In a recent number of the journal, *Cancer Research*, and which is the official organ of the American Association for Cancer Research, Inc., is a paper from which we learn:

Carcinogenic compounds have been isolated from the tarry substances of both coal and tobacco smoke, as well as from the smoke of a great variety of other slowly burning organic substances.⁷

The percentage of cigar and pipe smokers is almost twice as high among white male victims of buccal cancer as among appropriately selected controls; all forms of smoking are significantly higher among victims of respiratory tract cancer than among the controls.⁷

Cigarette smoking seems to bear a highly significant relation to cancers of the respiratory tract.⁷

In this world there are a great many hazards to the health and life of people to which every individual may expect to be subjected at one time or another. It can be determined by statistical methods what the probability is that any individual will suffer injury or death, at any age, from each of these hazards. It appears that there is sufficient evidence to support the proposition that the smoker of tobacco adds another hazard to the list, that there is a much greater probability that a tobacco smoker will have his or her life terminated miserably by cancer of the lung than a non-smoker. It seems to be the part of wisdom not to smoke tobacco for this reason alone.

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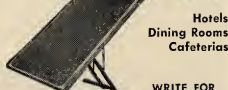
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DULL STUFF?

(Concluded from page 325)

thinking back on that other day—the day when your instructor so wisely advised you to study the gospel.

As you reflect, you are filled with wonder that those things in life which once to you were dull and without color have now taken on a hue so brilliant that all else is drab. Indeed you may truly say that they are now the very principles around which your whole life revolves.

You marvel that the plan of salvation, once a mere passage of words with remote and obscure meaning, is now a promise of beauty and joy eternal, if you but live the laws pertaining thereto.

Before, to live a spiritual life was to be straight-laced and prim. Now it is to be lifted up that you might better glimpse the glories of God's works.

Where life was once more or less a series of events designed for temporary or immediate pleasure, it is now a road which, if traveled with constancy and endurance, leads to life everlasting. Those things which

hinder progress thereunto, the once desirable to you, are now no longer attractive.

Where once you sat in uncomfortable silence in the face of slanderous remarks directed at the Church, you now have the courage and ability to make wrong right, with truth. But more satisfying than this is the knowledge that wherever opportunity presents itself you may with humble pride and joy explain the gospel truths to others, that they too might "feel joy."

So you ponder, and as you ponder you are filled to overflowing with happiness and gratitude to your Heavenly Father—and to your earthly parents—and to your bishop—and to every individual who had any part in this wonderful thing which has taken place in your life.

For surely had it not been for them you never would have filled a mission, and had you never filled a mission, who knows how long it would have taken you to discover what marvelous truths are contained in the gospel.

ONE AMONG MANY

(Continued from page 321)

wrote on a sheet of paper, "To My Successor: Linger not too long in this place. If members of school boards that come and go ask you to remain, close your ears and heart to the plea. Do not be deceived by a false sense of duty or expect any *worth-while* reward for your efforts. Of the many you teach, never one will return to thank you for what you *tried* to do. Never one among the many. . . . Seek a school in some community where families are prosperous and permanent, among people whose minds are not as barren as the acres on Poverty Slope; and who, when taking their final leave, drive by in worn-out trucks and look at you with bitter eyes as if you, having become part of the landscape, are partly to blame for their misfortunes. . . ."

The teacher rose, crossed the room, and erased from the blackboard the word NUTS that tricky Phil Barrett had slyly printed there. She heard a new pickup stopping by

the door. Then a husky, tow-headed young man was entering and calling, "Hello, Teacher! Remember me?"

"Neil Buchanan!" said Miss Parmalee, smiling as she hurried forward.

"Drove over from my farm, a couple of counties away, to see if I could find Grandpa's old musket that I cached out in the hills—the time I started to run away from home, and school. I found it, too."

"Was that the time I was keeping you in after school every evening, Neil? Determined to teach you arithmetic? And when you were *almost* as determined not to learn it?"

"That's it," he said, chuckling softly. "Golly! Did I ever hate you along about that time. I was going to take a shot at your cabin some night—my reason for borrowing the musket in the first place."

"Neil!" she gasped.

"Want to grab your old ruler and whale me?"

"I'm too glad to see you. I suppose you're married by now?"

"A fine wife and small son, a fine farm," he said. "Thanks a lot for pounding some learning into my mule's head. It was enough to carry me over the hump. I went to high school after we left here, and then on to agricultural college."

"Bless you, Neil!" said Miss Parmalee, voice unsteady.

"Funny thing," he went on. "I was changing a tire up the road a little bit ago. I saw the Poverty Slope kids stringing home and heard them yelling the same old tune: 'Schoolmar'm Parm!' I wanted to wring some necks, as my own should have been wrung once. The darned little ingrates!"

"I don't mind *that*," she said. "They're just blowing off steam. Just honking like wild geese free to fly back to northern lakes for the summer. But I *am* pleased to have you stop by, Neil."

"I never would have, though," he said, "not if I hadn't been out hunting a relic for the den in my new home. Oh, I've thanked you a thousand times, but never to your face. And I wouldn't have today if—I was talking to Bessie Talbott in Crest City not long ago. You remember her? The girl whose leg was permanently crippled when her father's team ran away?"

"Of course I remember her!"

"She's the librarian now," Neil said. "She told me how you'd gotten her interested in reading books—and when she was on the verge of taking her own life! I asked her if she'd ever written you. No, never a line. But if you knew, Claire Parmalee, how many Bessies and Neils are thanking you. . . ."

Miss Parmalee removed her glasses and sought her handkerchief. A half-hour later Neil Buchanan kissed her on the cheek, and his own eyes blurred, went to his pickup and drove away. A slim, gray-haired lady watched the pickup vanish over a ridge. She whispered, "One among the many," and went inside the schoolhouse again. Thirty-five years didn't seem such a long time as she reached for a paper on which was written, "To My Successor," a paper which Miss Parmalee tore into very fine bits and tossed in the wastebasket beside the scarred old desk.

MAY 1952

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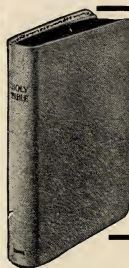
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COLOR IN THE LIVING ROOM

by A. D. MacEwen

THE living room is the center of the home. It is the place where we have the pleasure of our friends' company, our parties and good times, our evenings of quiet relaxation. It is usually the first room seen by the incoming guest or neighbor; and its character, perhaps more than any other room, reveals our own feelings and the personality of our home.

In two previous articles we have built up a background on color and carried our thinking to the point where a careful choice of individual colors can be made. Now let's tackle the problem of color in the living room.

If a home means peace, comfort, and warmth, then surely warm colors should predominate. And since this room is in use most in winter, when it is cold and blustery outside, warmth within is sought and enjoyed. But hold on a minute—there are other factors! You may have read that a room with a southern exposure has a good deal of light and warm sun, and so should have cooling colors—what then? Warm reds and yellows are stimulating rather than relaxing; and some people do not like certain "rosy" tones. But the purpose or function

(The third in a series of articles on color for today's home)

of a room is more important than its physical location, especially when it is a room that is in use most after nightfall. In addition, we know that a warm color can be softened or "grayed," to minimize its stimulating effect without losing its warmth. So you see, we can "have our cake and eat it, too!" Should you be an individual who bears a grudge toward a rosy hue, you can compromise by choosing a favorite blue or green tone, softened or "grayed" by the addition of a complementary color (red, orange, or purple hues) in the color formula itself.

Here we might introduce another term—color "impact." Should your furniture fabrics, drapes, and rugs already be in warm tones, and sufficient to dominate the eye when you enter the room, good decoration might well call for grayer, neutral colors on walls; even semi-cool gray-greens or rich blue-grays. Again,

we are compromising knowingly, adding comfort and beauty, without sacrificing the first principle of overall color effect of warmth in the color "impact" as a whole.

Now, regarding the secondary color "consideration": The room's dimensions will govern, to a degree, the placement of the ultimate colors. This brings ceiling treatment into the picture. Frequently, ceilings, doors, and trim are painted ivory or cream "to be on the safe side." While these are useful shades, as we shall see, why not choose a ceiling color which adds to the purpose of the other colors? When you are lying back in that easy chair, or stretched out on the chesterfield, you see a lot of ceiling! Surrounded by warm tones, it gives added pleasure to the eye to encounter a restful shade of warm gray-green or neutral gray. It can be a paler tint of a favorite trim color.

No major effect of color "impact" or "impression" is lost, should you carry the ceiling color down one wall, to use a cool color in one area seemingly to increase dimension in that direction. And don't be afraid to use a deeper color on a high ceiling in an older home—deeper than the wall colors if need be.

Further narrowing the field of color selection, use the principles of camouflage or contrast, to conceal or enhance furnishings or room fixtures. The red brick fireplace of good design against the lighter, warm shade of the other walls (or with its panel done in a cool, contrasting tone of green) will attract the eye. A fireplace of "not-so-good" appearance, or large in comparison with its wall area, will appear better-proportioned if painted itself in a slightly lighter tint of its own wall color. Minor wood trim or an inexpensive wooden chair enameled in the same shade as that pair of favorite table lamps will introduce more of that choice color to the room and enhance the lamps themselves.

As a rule, living rooms are well-lighted, with fair window openings

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The living room in the new home of Mr. & Mrs. Herbert L. Cromar, Salt Lake City



and good light fixtures. As a result, deeper colors can usually be used safely, and they, too, add to the feeling of comfort and coziness. If the apparent dimensions will not be upset, the wall opposite the main windows may be finished in a lighter tint of the other walls. This can add interest, and allow emphasis of favorite furnishings against it.

You may wonder why no specific color schemes are suggested—no definite color names such as Ivy Green, Chinese Red, or Stone Gray. In our opinion it is far more important to guide the thinking toward personalized color selection than to suggest specific colors which might suit one room in a hundred. Get helps, yes; study "home" magazines for ideas and suggestions; consult color stylists in the paint stores—but make the backbone of your quest a bit of fundamental knowledge on color function and color behavior. While specific color names used by one interior decorator or organization are fine as they refer to their illustrated colors and their suggested decoration use—you'll find as many different "olive-greens" as there are color-stylists. The important thing is to select your personal colors to suit *your* room in *your* home.

EASY DOES IT

By May Richstone

It's a pinch of this, a dash of that,
As a man displays his flair
For whipping up a supper dish
With a deftly casual air.

None of this slavish feminine fuss,
No devotion to recipe—
It's done with a graceful flick of the wrist
And a kitchen full of debris!



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HOUSEWIVES, here's a tip. Make a hit with your husband by putting a Kool Kan filled with his favorite beverage out in the garden where he can get at it. The Kool Kan keeps beverages cool and refreshing for hours. Comes in 4½ and 10-gallon sizes with or without spigots.



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Green leafy vegetables
Egg yolks
Clams, shrimps
Dark molasses
Legumes, nuts, dried fruits

1. Helps build strong bones, teeth, fingernails
2. Aids in clotting of blood
3. Stabilizes the heart
4. Aids in muscle and nerve functioning
5. Essential for growth, early maturity, and longevity

Phosphorus

All protein-rich foods, as meat, fish, poultry, eggs, cheese
Legumes, nuts
Whole grains
Fruits and vegetables

1. Aids calcium in building bones and teeth
2. Aids in utilization of carbohydrates and fats
3. Needed in structure of all body cells
4. Essential in muscle metabolism
5. Helps maintain acid-base balance

Iron

Liver and other organ meats
Red meat, shell fish
Raisins, prunes, figs
Whole grains
Dried peas and beans, nuts
Green leaves
Egg yolk
Dark molasses
Avocados

1. Helps form hemoglobin of red blood cells; carries oxygen
2. Found in nucleus of all cells in chromatin substances
3. Prevents and cures secondary anemia, characterized by paleness, weakness, shortness of breath, poor appetite, fatigue

Copper

Nuts
Dried legumes
Whole grain cereals
Dried fruit
Generally in all foods containing iron. Possibility of deficiency is remote

1. Supplements iron for hemoglobin formation of red blood cells
2. Aids in tissue respiration

Iodine

Salt water fish, shell fish, cod-liver oil
Seaweed
Iodized salt
Vegetables, water, milk, and butter produced in areas where soil contains iodine

1. Regulates basal metabolism through the thyroid gland: (a) hyper-active thyroid speeds up metabolism and food is assimilated too quickly; (b) hypo-thyroid activity slows down metabolism and all food is assimilated, which usually leads to increased weight, lowered vitality, sluggish mentality
2. Prevents and cures simple goiter
3. Necessary for growth

SNAPSHOT SCHEME

by Billie Thomas Peel

IF YOU are a camera enthusiast, you probably have a large collection of snapshots tucked away in envelopes or piled up in drawers. It is likely that you are planning on compiling them neatly in an album or scrapbook. If you did, there would be the problem of storing the album in an easily accessible yet dust-free place. Or perhaps, like me, you would find that you needed several albums

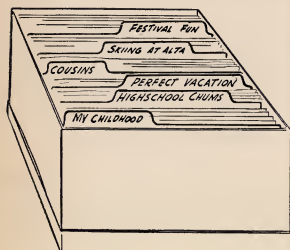
to mount all the pictures you have on hand.

Here is a snapshot scheme that you will find most satisfactory and enjoyable.

A regular metal filing cabinet that you can purchase at your stationary store is ideal. (Dimensions: 13" long, 6" wide, and 4" deep.) If you prefer an inexpensive idea, a standard size shoe box will suffice, and it may

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

be painted or papered to suit the taste. Label the lid to the box "SNAPSHOTS." Index cards can be cut from plain white cardboard to fit a homemade filing case. They are usually available at the stationer's



in standard sizes if a cabinet is purchased.

Gather together all the treasured snapshots you have accumulated through the years. Sort these pictures into interesting groups. Separate them according to dates, places, occasions, persons, or whatever grouping suits your fancy.

You Can Do It!

This column for young people, and for any others who wish to take advantage of it, features articles of a "how-to-do-it" nature. Contributions are welcome and will be considered for publication at regular rates.

Now on the typewriter or with pen and ink label the index cards. Let your titles be suitable to each group of pictures. Examples: My Childhood, High School Chums, Perfect Vacation, Cousins, Skiing at Alta, Festival Fun. Next to the titles you may want to put the dates.

File away your snapshots and index cards in the shoe box or metal file according to groups. This neat box of pictures arranged in a systematic order will be your pride and joy. Keep it on your closet shelf or in a bottom drawer. When you want to show a certain picture to a friend, you will know exactly where to find it. My family always enjoy looking through my file of snapshots because the pictures are in an interesting, chronological order.

MAY 1952



Says speedy Dry Yeast is a grand help

BUSY HOMEMAKER IS TOP COOK AT UTAH STATE FAIR

Little Mary Richins and her brother **Melvin** admire Mother's pretty blue ribbons at their home in Draper, Utah. Mrs. Vern Richins won those ribbons just last fall at the Utah State Fair, where the cooking contest judges awarded her several first and second prizes—and a Grand Sweepstakes Award!

Mrs. Richins has also taken prizes for ten years at the Salt Lake County Fair. And she gives a lot of credit to Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast, as

so many prize-winning cooks do. "It gives me grand results," she says, "and it's such a help to a busy homemaker like me—so fast and easy to use!"

Nothing in the world is quite like the rich, delicious flavor of goodies made with yeast. So nourishing, too! When you bake at home, use yeast. And use the best—Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It dissolves in a jiffy and rises so fast. For grand results, get Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.

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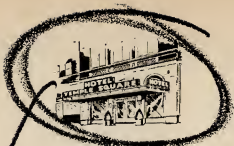
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Clarence L. West, Manager



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"Maturity"—What Is It?

by Rex A. Skidmore, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL WORK
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"Oh, grow up," is an expression we often hear applied to persons of varying ages, but it is one to which the teen-ager may be peculiarly sensitive; for he is "growing up," rapidly, and the process is challenging and for some, at least, confusing. We associate with maturity the ability to be happy in the present, to look forward optimistically to the future, and to share the load of family and community responsibility. It is the pathway to joy and satisfaction, while its opposite—immaturity—results in heartaches and personal and family difficulties.

Five stages of maturing are described by Professors Evelyn Duvall

and not giving. Most are leaving such immaturities behind and are growing in their ability to compromise, share, and cooperate. Where do you stand in this process of maturing?

KINDS OF MATURITY

Understanding various kinds of maturity usually helps in "growing up" and in bringing happiness.

Calendar age—the number of years one has lived. A young man at

This is the fifth in a series of articles addressed to the problems of the teen-ager, and especially to the teen-ager in the family.



—Harold M. Lambert

and Reuben Hill, and teen-agers can see all of these, in varying degrees, in their own lives. They are: receiving, manipulation, compromise, sharing, and creative cooperation. An infant is born almost totally helpless and is entirely on the receiving end. He needs to receive in order to survive. As he grows and develops, he learns that by crying he can get attention; he learns to *manipulate* or control those about him, for his own needs, disregarding interests of others. Children at two or three or four, learn to *compromise*. Four-year-olds who both want to play with a truck may agree to take turns, and gradually learn not only to compromise but also to *share*. The teen-ager who shares his time and hobbies is acting maturely. The fifth stage, *creative cooperation*, involves two or more persons working together unselfishly to make or build something. It may be furniture, a garden, a better school, or a marriage. Genuine cooperation is needed in every walk of life.

Some teen-agers are still in the receiving and manipulative stages—demanding nearly everything from their parents and friends, receiving

seven-teen usually considers himself mature; this may or may not be so. Some people at sixty are immature. In other words, calendar age is only one way of "growing up."

Physical maturity—the development of new characteristics and functions in the body as it matures. This physical maturing is misinterpreted by many as synonymous with overall maturity.

Social maturity—the ability to get along well with others most of the time, to know how to make friends and be one, and to be able to conduct oneself well in social situations. Are you socially mature?

Mental maturity—using intellectual abilities to advantage. Are you

able to think clearly and use your head as well as your heart in making decisions?

Religious maturity—a basic understanding of the purpose of life, with a living faith in God. For a Latter-day Saint it means understanding the principles of the gospel and practising them to the best of one's ability. This is one of the most important kinds of "growing up."

Emotional maturity—the control and guidance of one's feelings. An emotionally mature teen-ager is able to compromise, share, give, and co-operate with others.

All in all, a mature youth is one who has developed in every way so that he has confidence in himself and is liked by others.

PARENTS MAY HELP

Five qualities of the mature person show some of the possibilities for teen-ager and parent cooperation in gaining maturity. A mature person has:

1. *A proper balance between dependence and independence.* A mature teen-ager makes many decisions on his own but talks to his family and is dependent on them for help with difficult and important situations.

2. *The ability to love and give.* All youth need love and affection. So do parents. Youth and parents must give of themselves for one another. The future love which leads to successful marriage has its beginnings in a young person's love for his parents.

3. *An understanding of self and others.* Mature teen-agers and parents are sensitive to the needs and interests of one another and allow for their satisfaction and expression. Wise parents encourage their children to use the home as an activity center, not as a museum or show place where one is afraid to sit down or touch anything.

4. *Ability to accept others.* Both parents and youth need to recognize differences and limitations in one another. Perfection should not be expected.

5. *Adopt a pattern of balanced living.* The mature person carries no activity to the extreme, but builds his life upon a five-cornered foundation of love, work, rest, worship, and play. Parents and teen-agers should help one another to enjoy all five.

MAY 1952

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IF YOUR small son or daughter squeals: "Come on over; I have a circus in my room!" he or she probably has a motif that includes everything except a carousel. And an ingenious daddy might even instal at least one horse that resembles a merry-go-round one, to add that final and welcome touch. In the

CAROUSEL-SLANTED!

By Louise Price Bell

room shown, the twin studio couches that double as beds are made gay with circus-decorated material and plain spreads of plastic

in cherry-red that picks up that color in dust ruffles and curtains. Furniture is simple and plain so that it in no way detracts from the circus fabric or the animal prints framed and hung in a stiff upright panel on the wall-ends at foot of both beds. Floor is cork—easy to look at, easy to clean and keep clean.



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**Enriched
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VITAMINS and IRON**

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WHEAT GERM

Makes It Better



SPRINGTIME should be synonymous with pep, energy, enthusiasm, and new life. And vitamin B goes with all these things as daffodils go with spring. Hence these suggestions for using wheat germ, for the germ of the wheat is new life itself, and a rich source of natural B vitamins. Try it on your family.

All-of-the-wheat Muffins

- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 1/2 cup bran
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup whole-wheat flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup dark molasses
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 2 tsp. cooking oil
- 1/2 cup raisins

Combine wheat germ, bran, and 3/4 cup milk. Let stand a few minutes. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg, 1/4 cup milk, cooking oil, and raisins. Stir only until combined. Fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

Brunch Cake

- 3 tbsp. butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups fine whole-wheat flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup wheat germ
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Blend butter, sugar; add egg, milk. Stir in flour sifted with baking powder and salt; then add wheat germ and vanilla. Pour into greased 9" square pan.

Topping—Mix 2 tbsp. wheat germ, 5 tbsp. crushed cereal flakes (corn flakes, wheat flakes, etc.) 3 tbsp. sugar.
(Continued on following page)



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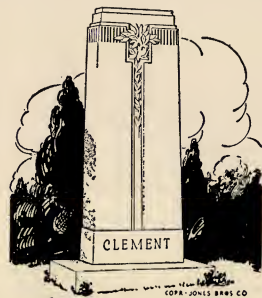
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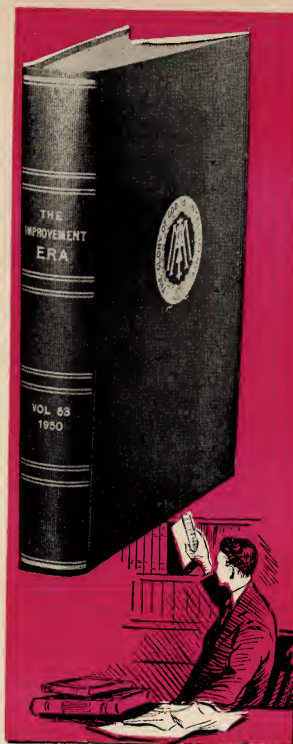
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WHEAT GERM MAKES IT BETTER

(Continued from preceding page)

3 tbs. melted butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon.
Sprinkle over batter and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes.

Salmon Croquettes

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 cup milk
2 cups flaked salmon (1 can)
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup wheat germ
2 tsp. minced onion
1 egg
1 tbsp. milk
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cracker crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Melt butter and blend in flour. Add 1 cup cold milk and stir over low heat until thick. Stir in salmon, half the wheat germ, onion, and salt to taste. Mix well and form into croquettes. Beat egg and 1 tbsp. milk. Roll croquettes first in mixture of remaining wheat germ, crumbs, salt—then in egg; then again in crumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown, turning occasionally.

Beef Loaf Pie

3 or 4 medium potatoes
2 tbs. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ground beef
1 tbsp. grated onion
2 tbs. chopped green pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup wheat germ
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato sauce
1 tbs. Worcestershire sauce

Steam or boil potatoes in skins; then peel and mash. Add butter, salt to taste. Mix other ingredients. Spread half of beef mixture in greased pie pan; cover with potatoes; top with remaining beef. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes. Cut in pie wedges.

Corn Pudding

2 cups cream-style corn
2 eggs, beaten

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
salt to taste
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup fine bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup wheat germ
butter

Combine corn, eggs, milk, and salt. Mix crumbs and wheat germ. Alternate layers of corn mixture with crumbs in well-buttered baking dish. Dot each layer with butter. Sprinkle grated cheese over top, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Apple-Wheat Germ Crunch

5 cooking apples
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup whole-wheat flour
1 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup wheat germ
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted butter or cooking oil
cinnamon or nutmeg

Wash apples and slice into buttered pan. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar together; add wheat germ and blend with fork. Add egg, and work with fork until crumbly. Spread over apples; pour shortening on top. Sprinkle with spice. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes.

Wheat Germ Fluffs

2 egg whites
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup wheat germ
1 tsp. vanilla
2 cups wheat flakes, soya flakes, or corn flakes
1 cup coconut

Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually fold in sugar, then wheat germ and vanilla. Last, fold in cereal flakes and coconut. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 3 dozen.

HANDY HINTS

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

If the soles of youngster's new shoes are smooth and slippery, rub them with sandpaper. This keeps them from slipping on polished floors and prevents many a fall.—J. K., Montpelier, Idaho.

Cold lard won't clog the blades of beaters if you warm the blades in warm water a few minutes before using them.—Mrs. W. E., Chandler, Arizona.

One of the simplest ways to wind a roller spring of a window shade is to insert the flattened end in a keyhole. Then grip the roller with both hands and turn it until tight.—Mrs. R. B. Y., Elko, Nevada.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Palette and Clay

(Concluded from page 314)

place there's a rather mediocre flower study of mine, yet Ted used to think it outranked Rembrandt. The children's bedrooms have silly animals painted on the walls, but my children love their home. No, I haven't done serious painting. But say, instead, I turned to sculpture—of a kind. There are my three fine children; wouldn't you say works of art could take a variety of forms?"

Later, on her way out of the door with Anna, Miss Petrie stopped to speak to the white-haired Mr. Hayden. She smiled at him smugly.

"Anna Robins didn't become a writer, after all," she said. "She's a very successful artist."

In Conference Assembled

(Continued from page 313)

BISHOP Thorpe B. Isaacson, formerly second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, was advanced to first counselor to serve with Bishop Wirthlin. Bishop Isaacson was appointed as second counselor December 14, 1946, and was formally sustained and set apart for this position in April 1947. At the time of this appointment, Bishop Isaacson was first counselor in the bishopric of the Yale Ward. Bishop Isaacson had been engaged in the educational field for some time, as superintendent of schools in Bancroft, Idaho, and also as coach and instructor at Brigham Young College in Logan, and later as coach at Ephraim, his birthplace. His professional work later turned to that of insurance, and he became manager of the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company in Salt Lake City.

Since 1943 Bishop Isaacson has been a member of the board of trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College. He chaired the board for the past two years, and is now serving his third year as chairman of the board.

Bishop Isaacson married Lula Maughan Jones in the Salt Lake Temple, June 16, 1920. They have two children: Richard A., and Joyce I. Tribe.

* * * * *

BISHOP Carl W. Buehner, newly appointed second counselor to the Presiding Bishop, was born in Germany and came to this country as a

(Concluded on following page)

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IN CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED

(Concluded from preceding page)

two-year-old child, when his parents, experiencing the spirit of gathering, left their home to come to this new land. Not only the strange land but also a new language confronted them—and the difficulty of making a living for an ever-increasing family when both language and customs were difficult to understand. Thus, early in life Bishop Buehner learned the value of work—and also the therapy of play, for at school he entered into the athletic program and won eleven letters in high school sports activities.

Married to Lucile Thurman, August 22, 1922, in the Salt Lake Temple, they have reared three daughters and one son: Ruth B. McPhie, June B. Ferrin, Marilyn B. Riches, and Carl T., now serving in the United States air force.

Bishop Buehner's Church service has been long and varied. He served in the bishopric of the Forest Dale Ward, progressing from second to first counselor to bishop. Later, he

was appointed to the Granite Stake high council, then to second and later to first counselor in the stake presidency, and finally to stake president of Granite Stake. He was also appointed chairman of the Salt Lake region of the Church welfare program where he served from 1946 to 1949, when this region was divided, and he was appointed chairman of the new region, the Pioneer. When in 1951 he moved from Granite Stake, he was released from the stake presidency and his welfare chairmanship, but he was then appointed a member of the general Church welfare committee. During this past year he has traveled widely through the stakes of the Church, where his knowledge and vision of the program and its operation have called forth an enthusiastic response to his own vigorous testimony of this work.

These men, sustained in general conference, April 6, 1952, have earned the support of the Church, who will follow their inspired leadership in the ways of truth and righteousness.

PLAYING THE GAME FAIRLY

(Continued from page 315)

carried, and the Indians were determined that someone other than they must carry it. Thus each white man had a pack of about fifty to sixty pounds to throw on his back, and he oftentimes had to carry this load fifteen to twenty miles a day.

Boone was very wise. On the march, to gain the good will of the redskins, he gave them valuable information; he told them interesting stories of the white people and he even argued a bit with them, being careful to let them win the argument.

Among the prisoners was a young man named Stephen Halliwell who was ill when captured and fell in a state of collapse at the end of the first day's journey.

It was supposed to be at least a three-day march. Next morning poor Halliwell gritted his teeth as he began the journey. Boone saw that his friend could hardly walk, let alone carry his pack, so he took Halliwell's load to carry in addition to his own. Others of the white men supported the sick man as they journeyed along. Boone knew the

Indians sometimes killed the sick people if such sickness slowed them up, so he purposely joked with them that day, in spite of his double load, to keep them from thinking of his sick friend.

The morning of the third and last day finally broke. Halliwell was quite unable to continue the journey. He had done his best, but it was not enough. The tomahawk was brought out by two Indians. Boone sensed the danger and immediately managed to put himself between the sick man and his captors. All the while he was thinking faster than he had ever thought before. True Christian that he was, he would defend his friend with his own life.

Finally he told the Indians that to kill the man would only bring more trouble on them later from other white people, and that if their only reason for using the tomahawk was to avoid slowing down the march, he would divide Halliwell's pack among the other whites and undertake to carry the sick man the entire day's journey. The Indians readily consented to this proposition, not that they con-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

sidered the poor sick man, but because they thought a great deal of Boone, and they also wanted to see if he could make good his proposal. He assured them he could fill his part of the bargain, and if he failed, they could scalp both him and Halliwell.

So the tiresome journey began. The sick man was fastened to Boone's back in a sling made of buffalo and elk leather. The Indians constantly watched their white hero on the march, expecting him to give up at any moment. On he walked with his heavy load. Before the journey was half over Boone was looking to the end of the day. For the last hour of the march he had to exert every ounce of strength he possessed. Then all at once, and on time, too, the procession came in sight of the village. Hundreds of squaws and Indian children swarmed up to and around the strangers out of curiosity, not the least of which was one man carrying another man. But Boone had saved the life of his friend, and he was indeed happy for it.

Boone finally escaped from the Indians and made his way back to Kentucky. Many a time he was called to help rescue the whites from the redskins. In between these skirmishes and wars, Boone found time to improve his beautiful farm in this lovely spot in Kentucky. The Indians were finally pacified or driven farther away, and Boone was about to settle down to enjoy himself in his later life when a land shark suddenly appeared at his cabin and demanded that Boone move off. The old settler objected. Said he: "You are mistaken, stranger. I cut the first tree down on this plantation. I built this cabin myself, cleared the land, planted the first crops, and have lived here ever since."

"Nevertheless," replied the stranger, "this place is mine. I doubt not you have done all you say you did, yet you failed in one vital point. You failed to get a patent from the government guaranteeing your right to the land. I have obtained that patent."

Poor Boone had been too trusting. His life had been governed by the golden rule. Honest at heart himself, he took it for granted that all other people were as fair as he. But he did not become em-

bittered. He decided to go farther into the wilderness and make a new home. His footsteps never halted until he had crossed the mighty Mississippi into Missouri. Here he started all over again.

Years later, Hardy, his adopted son, together with another of Boone's early companions, came to see him. From the distance they could see Boone sitting on an old stump in the yard. Approaching more closely, they saw the old woodsman was cleaning his gun in preparation for another hunt.

While they were together, the subject of religion came up. Many of those men were genuinely devout and very likeable. Hardy asked his older companion what he thought of religion. This is the answer he got: "The Lord has dealt kindly with me," said Boone, reverently. "I have more than I need, and no man can lay a claim against me. I left some debts in Kentucky, but with a few good seasons' hunting and trapping I got together a considerable pile of money. I went back—you two boys were in Illinois, and I was mighty sorry not to see you—and I cleaned up every debt. When I got home again, I had just half a dollar—Oh, Hardy!—It felt good to be a free man. . . .

"It pleased the Lord to choose me as an instrument for the settlement of Kentucky, but I think my work was done before I left. . . . I never had much schooling, Hardy, and you know that churches are not plentiful in the backwoods," added Boone, thoughtfully. "I'm afraid my religion is the homemade kind, and I dare say it wouldn't seem quite the right thing to a parson, but I've used it as a guide through life, son, and it served me well enough. It's just this," continued the old man baring his head: "to love and fear God; to believe in Jesus Christ. To do all the good to my neighbor and myself that I can, and to do as little harm as I can help. And to trust in God's mercy for the rest."

Boone lived in Missouri until he was eighty-six years old, respected by all who knew him. He died happy and with a light heart because he had always done his best to be honest with God and with his fellow men.

⁴⁰Op. cit., pp. 316-317.



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Your Page AND OURS

CORRECTION

INADVERTENTLY the ERA erred in the "Pomeroy Family Genealogy" article on page 91 of the February issue by saying that Irene Ursula was the daughter of Mrs. Haskell by a former marriage. Irene Ursula Hastings was the daughter of Ashbel Green Haskell and Ursula Billings Hastings Haskell.

—◆—
Camp Stoneman, California

Dear Editors:

I AM enclosing \$2.50 for a subscription of your magazine, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. I am not a Mormon, matter of fact, I never even knew what a Mormon was until I came through Salt Lake City about two months ago. I think you people have a very wonderful religion.

I have read the Book of Mormon and quite a lot of other matter on your beliefs and find that there is a lot to it. I went through the temple grounds and thought it was very beautiful. Especially the tabernacle and the temple. I also think that Salt Lake City is about the most hospitable and cleanest city I have ever been in. . . .

I have read about three or four issues of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and like it very much.

A friend of mine in the company subscribes to the magazine and I can't wait until it gets here. I always read it from cover to cover before he even gets a chance to see it. So I am going to have my own from now on and won't be bothering him any more.

Very sincerely yours,
/s/ Fred A. McMullen

San Diego, California

Dear Editors:

PERHAPS only once in a lifetime does one feel like writing a letter like this, but I feel inspired because of my great thankfulness for the ERA that I must do so.

Because of selling my home and moving around for three years over four states, I have not been able to have THE IMPROVEMENT ERA in my possession. Then I became settled at my present address in San Diego State and this past winter at M. L. A. opening season I subscribed for the ERA again. Could I but tell you how hungry I was for the word of God as proclaimed through its pages! It would be like a camper coming home to his mother's cooking. I have been reared on the Church magazines. How I love them!

The wonder that you were so wise as to put a picture of all the General Authorities in that magazine, where you printed the sermons and talks of so many of them! One could read the heading of an article, the speaker's name, then look him in the face and read from that his sincerity and love of the gospel—how good. How much of the bread of life those inspired leaders give out! It reminds one of when the five thousand had gathered to hear Christ speak and then the Master fed them with the five loaves and two fishes. God bless each of them and you and help you to be able to continue to feed the Bread of Life to the multitude.

At first I resented the fact that you had given over to advertisements so many of the columns that could have been filled

with the precious gospel messages. But again now that I have had my extreme hunger satisfied I can see your wisdom because the ads do hold an interest and because you find the most modern and needful appliances that can bring joy of use and saving of labor, giving folk more time to enjoy the beauties of life. I can commend you on them also. These are the bread of life also and part of our precious gospel. Man is that he might have joy.

May you keep up the good work.

Your sister,
Julia Nuttall

Glendale 6, California

Dear Editors:

THANK you very much for your kindness in sending me the current copy of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. Of course, I felt proud to see my article "How to Hook a Rug" in this issue! If only other magazines would pattern after yours, and be free of those objectionable advertisements.

I hope the kindness you spread comes back a hundredfold, personally, to each one of you who "make" this the fine publication it is.

Sincerely,
/s/ (Mrs.) Edith M. Hounsell

Cherry Grove, Alta., Canada

Dear Editors:

ENCLOSED is my renewal subscription to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA—a wonderful magazine. As I sit down to write today it is exactly one year ago that two Latter-day Saint missionaries walked twenty-two miles to visit me. The weather was fifty degrees below zero when they started out in the morning to an unknown destination.

It was indeed a splendid example of faith that carried those two to my residence. The wind that day was in their faces, and the high temperature during the day was fifteen below zero. I am sure the warmth of the Spirit of God must have been with them to carry them through in such high spirits. Their names are Elder Tommy L. Steffen of Utah and Elder Paul G. Hatch of Idaho.

It was through them that I received my subscription to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, and I am thankful for it. It is a spiritual guide to those especially who for various reasons are unable to attend regular Church services.

Respectfully yours,
/s/ Harold M. Coad

Dayton, Idaho

Dear Editors:

I HAVE especially enjoyed three things in the February ERA—the poems, "Sonnet," by Elaine V. Emans (with the lovely picture); "Advice to Young Explorers," by Maryhale Woolsey; and the article "Imagery: The Art of a Child," by Frances C. Yost. I'm not acquainted with any of these authors except through their work which I see in different publications.

In Mrs. Yost's article she gave us as parents the sermon we need without preaching, and the two poems made my heart sing with their truths.

Sincerely,
Mabel Law Atkinson

BIND YOUR ERA FOR 1951

Subscribers who wish to bind or to otherwise preserve the 1951 volume of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA are informed that the annual index is now being prepared. You may reserve your index by sending your name and address to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City 1, Utah. Please enclose a three-cent stamp with your request to cover cost of postage.

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